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The Shape of Things

LORD LOTHIAN MAY HAVE BEEN INDISCREET, as charged in the British press, when he declared that England was near the end of its financial resources and would need aid in 1941, but he raised an issue which cannot be much longer deferred. No one knows exactly what Britain's gold and foreign-exchange resources were at the outbreak of the war. Conservative estimates place the total of British and Canadian dollar assets at somewhat above $5,000,000,000. Other estimates range a little higher. Thus far the British Purchasing Commission has spent or contracted to spend some $4,000,000,000. Since much of this will not actually be spent for months to come, Britain would seem to have a fair margin to work on. But the British government must anticipate the possible situation ten or twelve months from now and make plans accordingly. Some British dispatches intimate that Great Britain would be willing to trade certain of its insular possessions in the Western Hemisphere for armaments. This coincides with the frequently expressed wish of some American isolationists, who would forget the war debt and repeal the Johnson Act in exchange for British possessions. But there is no reason why the United States should embark on an imperialist program, involving a change in the status of large native populations, when our basic defense needs were taken care of by the agreement providing for naval and air bases in the British possessions. This is no moment for the United States to play Shylock. If Britain needs credits, we should give them on the most moderate terms possible. The least we can do is to make it possible for Britain to fight our battle for us.

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HAVING FAILED TO DEMORALIZE LONDON, the Nazis have turned to highly concentrated attacks on British industrial centers. These night raids are being made by machines flying at a great height which make no attempt to pick out specific targets but rain down bombs as near as possible to the center of the city selected for devastation. Some lucky hits may be scored on industrial plants, but the actual damage done to productive facilities seems to be small. However, even if no factories are damaged, a raid like that on Coventry may seriously interrupt production simply by temporarily bringing the life of a city to a standstill. There is some reason to hope for a gradual improvement in methods of combating night bombing, but, unfortunately, the only effective means of defense still seems to be counter-raids. And in this respect Britain will continue for many months to be handicapped by lack of sufficient planes to attack the widely scattered German targets, none of which can safely be neglected. It is good news, therefore, that forty-six heavy bombers are being released by Washington. It is also good business for us, since Britain is being given priority on twenty-six of the Consolidated B-24's in return for the release of sufficient engines to equip forty-one heavy bombers. The other twenty machines, the genuine Boeing "flying fortresses," are to be made available to Britain primarily in order to test their qualities in action, but negotiation of the details of this arrangement is yet to be completed. The unsatisfactory aspect of these new agreements is the fact that complete delivery will not take place for months. A greater effort to speed up production is essential. In October the schedules called for the delivery of 350 planes to Britain and the empire, while the figure achieved was under 290, and it is feared that for months to come this lag will continue.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF ADMIRAL LEAHY AS Ambassador to France will not, we imagine, lend much aid and comfort to those elements in Vichy who are working hard to create a niche for themselves in Hitler's new European order. The Admiral has a reputation for speaking frankly and will undoubtedly make it very plain to Marshal Pétain that Americans are vitally interested in a British victory and completely unsympathetic to the pro-Axis policies of Laval and other appeasers. The other chief point at issue between ourselves and France at this moment is the question of the French colonies in this hemisphere. The new Ambassador is well equipped to safeguard our interests in the Caribbean, which he knows more intimately than most Americans.

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He is also able to speak with authority on naval questions generally, and with Vichy still in a position to influence the naval balance of power in the Atlantic, this is a matter of particular importance.

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THE ATTEMPT OF THE MAJORITY LEADERS in Congress to obtain an adjournment was a tactical mistake, and we do not think that the Administration need be unduly depressed by their failure. There is, undoubtedly, wide public sentiment favoring the continuance of Congress in Washington during the present emergency, not because of any distrust of the President but because events may easily call for immediate legislative action. It is now plain that the President made a *faux pas* in urging an adjournment last June, for not long after he was sending urgent defense and tax bills to the Capitol. It does not seem likely that new business of similar urgency will arise between now and the end of the year, but it is still difficult to see more than a few days ahead. The chief argument for adjournment is that a lame-duck Congress, having nothing better to do, may mischievously put through the Walter-Logan bill and the Smith amendments to the Wagner Act. The first of these measures, however, may well be relegated to limbo by the forthcoming report of the Dean Acheson committee, which is expected to highlight the glaring technical flaws in the measure. As for the Smith amendments, it should not be forgotten that all through the recent campaign the opposition stressed dissatisfaction with the administration of the NRLB, carefully refraining from attacks on the Wagner Act itself. With the board revamped, for better or for worse, New Dealers in Congress ought to be able to block any attempt to emasculate the act.

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THE DIES WHITE PAPER ON NAZI ACTIVITIES lives up to its sponsor's well-established flare for the obvious. It is fairly clear from the published documents that the German consuls have helped to subsidize the Transoceanic News Service, which everyone knew to be a fountainhead of Nazi propaganda in this country, and that German business in South America has been closely linked with German political ambitions in that continent. But these facts have been known for years, and their disclosure hardly justifies the Dies committee's widely advertised raids on Nazi agents and the seizure of private files. Nor was there anything startling in the revelations regarding individual Nazi agents. It is hardly news that Manfred Zapp, head of the Transoceanic News Service, Dr. Frederic Auhagen, founder of the American Fellowship Forum, and Dr. Ferdinand Kertess of the Chemical Marketing Company, are agents of the Führer. If any of these men has been engaged in espionage or other activities contrary to the law, Mr. Dies has not established the fact, nor is he likely to do so with his scatter-gun technique of investigation. The job of watching and tripping up foreign agents had best be left to the Department of Justice, which has both the power and the experience to deal with such problems. It is perhaps not without significance that Mr. Dies annually comes up with fresh "disclosures" regarding Nazi and Fascist activities a few weeks before his appropriation runs out, then promptly forgets about them for another year.

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PLANS FOR A NAVAL BASE IN URUGUAY, open to use by other American republics upon invitation, are being developed despite vigorous opposition in the Uruguayan Senate by the powerful Herrerista party. The bitterness of the opposition seems to have grown partly out of local politics and partly out of an unfortunate misunderstanding of the defense plans of the United States. In the absence of an official explanation of our plans, many persons in South America have assumed that the United States is seeking bases under conditions similar to those under which bases were acquired in the British insular possessions. Since such an arrangement would clearly infringe on the sovereignty of a Latin American republic, some opposition is understandable. But the persistence of the misunderstanding in the face of a full explanation by Foreign Minister Guani of Uruguay and editorials in many of the leading South American newspapers indicates that the opposition is being directed, as the *Nacion* of Santiago asserts, by "the clever propaganda of those interested in avoiding proper unity of the American nations." In this campaign the Spanish Phalanx appears to be playing the part cut out for it when Franco's revolt was pushed to success by Axis aid.

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SUBSTANTIAL AID FOR CHINA, INCLUDING a $200,000,000 credit and scheduled delivery of 500 airplanes, is reported to be under serious consideration in Washington. American assistance to China, though widely heralded, has so far been limited to two $25,000,000 credits applicable to the purchase of American export products. This has been far more than offset by Japanese purchases of vital supplies in this country, which have totaled about $200,000,000 a year and have been made possible by our continued purchases of large amounts of Japanese silk and other products. Private aid to China has also been meager. A report issued last week by the Red Cross reveals that this organization, now engaged in an appeal for funds, has sent China only $303,068 since the beginning of hostilities. This may be contrasted with $7,261,489 sent to Great Britain, $1,827,407 to Finland, $1,745,837 to France. In none of these countries is the need comparable with the need in China, either in extent or acuteness. And China,

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unlike most of the European countries, has received practically no aid from other private organizations. China needs food, medical supplies, and clothing; but above all it needs planes, trucks, tanks, and guns. These can only be supplied in needed amounts by the government. Give China $200,000,000 worth of arms and other munitions and we need not worry about the Japanese threat to the East Indies or the Philippines.

Exit with Trumpets

IF DELEGATES to the Atlantic City convention of the C. I. O., mindful of their president's pre-election promise, expected to see John L. Lewis step down with a show of decent humility they must have been rudely shocked. Truculent to a degree and reckless in attack, Lewis if left to his own devices might well have torn to shreds the organization he had labored so hard and so successfully to establish. Not content to heap scorn and denunciation on all who favored a resumption of peace talks with the A. F. of L., Lewis exposed the C. I. O. to contempt in the eyes of its enemies by declaring it lacked the "strength of bone and sinew" to command decent peace terms; and then, ironically, he proposed to weaken it further, and probably fatally, by challenging those who disagreed with him—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and its allies—to "take the easy way" of Dubinsky and withdraw from the C. I. O. He gave the lie to those who charged Communist control of certain C. I. O. unions, although he must have known there was truth in the charge since he finally sanctioned an anti-Communist resolution as Philip Murray's price for accepting the presidency. Murray himself held out several days for assurance of a free hand, and in all likelihood he received it, but Lewis served notice that he was not to be considered "a dying gladiator or even sorely wounded."

What saved the convention and the C. I. O., as Rose M. Stein reports elsewhere in this issue, was the tact and forbearance of the opposition leaders. After several days of Lewis's heated invective, Hillman's speech came as a soothing astringent. The Amalgamated leader spoke coolly and without rancor, and he firmly rejected the Lewis invitation to depart from the C. I. O. with one of the fattest treasuries, with one of the largest and most solidly organized memberships, and with several highly important allied unions.

The painful impression left by the Atlantic City convention is that John L. Lewis is no longer primarily interested in maintaining the strength and unity of the C. I. O. Much of his fire was directed against the Administration; much of it indicated a desire to lead a new political movement. We know that John L. Lewis is not a Communist, and we know that if the Communists get orders to abandon their isolationist position next Tuesday they will bitterly attack Mr. Lewis next Wednesday. Mr. Lewis knows that too, and his willingness to play along with them temporarily may be taken as one more sign that he is seeking a nucleus around which to build a third party.

We believe that some of Lewis's attacks on the Administration were timely and merited, and no one can question his right to launch a third party. But we do not want to see the C. I. O. converted into a political football, and we believe the election of Murray is a guaranty that it will not be so used. Despite his disappointingly blunt rejection of peace at this time, everything in Murray's record encourages the belief that he will do what is good for the C. I. O. and for American labor in general without the twistings and limitations imposed by an egocentric temperament and a vaulting ambition.

Further delay in a meeting of minds between officials of the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. is unfortunate but not necessarily harmful to the defense program, provided a modicum of good sense and good-will is preserved in the relations between the two groups. Murray's polite inquiries concerning the health of David Dubinsky after the I. L. G. W. U. head was attacked by an A. F. of L. bureaucrat contrast favorably with Lewis's bitter denunciation of Dubinsky and offer hope that more cordial relations will develop. If that is the case, a delay may even be advantageous in that it will give the A. F. of L. time to go to work on its racketeers in accordance with the resolution adopted at the Federation's New Orleans convention. The Federation's known desire to move in the direction of a rapprochement with the C. I. O. was emphasized by the convention's vote to replace the anti-C. I. O. war-chest levy with a per capita tax for organizing purposes. With both groups convinced of the need to further the national defense program without confining the sacrifices to labor, there is hope that there will be unity in effect if not in fact.

The "New Order" Pauses

WITH the invasion of Britain unavoidably postponed, Hitler has occupied himself this fall with a tremendous diplomatic offensive. The activity has been truly impressive. Large numbers of statesmen, each accompanied by a bodyguard of experts, have traveled to Berlin and Vienna. Treaties have been signed with glittering ceremony; numerous official dinners have been eaten. From the publicity point of view this diplomatic party has been immensely successful, but it does not seem to have resulted in any concrete contribution toward an early victory.

The agreement with Japan, which is being used as a pattern for treaties with the smaller fry, may prove its worth later on, but if it was expected to be immediately

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effective in discouraging American aid to Britain and China, the hopes of its signatories are already dashed. The conversations with Vichy and Spain, intended, apparently, to clear the way for an attack on Gibraltar, have also failed to bring any immediate return. Nor is there, as yet, any indication that the grandiose Soviet expedition to Berlin has been at all fruitful.

The latest phase of the diplomatic offensive has been the parade of puppet states obediently signing up with the Axis, but we cannot see that this new series of treaties is much more than window-dressing. Hungary sealed its subservience to the Axis when it accepted the Vienna award and regained Transylvania; Rumania is already occupied by German troops; Slovakia from its dubious beginnings has been no more than a German protectorate. Why, then, should Hitler bother to admit these states to junior partnerships? The answer is clearly to point the way to Berlin to those Balkan countries which block the way for a flank attack on Egypt.

Of these countries, Greece, battling valiantly against Italy, is outside the range of diplomatic bombardment. But the success of the Greeks has made the adherence of Yugoslavia to the Axis more vital than ever, for the shortest route by which Germany could come to the assistance of Italy is via Belgrade and the Vardar valley. Count Csaky, Hungarian Foreign Minister, is reported to be visiting the Yugoslav government as an Axis emissary, seeking as a convert to the "new European order" to make Yugoslavia see where its true interest lies. Should it prove reluctant to join up, he may discreetly raise the question of Hungarian territorial claims against Yugoslavia.

Yugoslavia, however, is immediately more disturbed by the recrudescence of Bulgarian propaganda for the return of Macedonia. This is one of the rewards which Bulgaria expects if it joins the Nazi bandwagon, but we doubt that Germany could persuade Yugoslavia to yield this ancient bone of contention peaceably. Here is a good illustration of the difficulties which Hitler confronts in his attempt to weld Europe into an anti-British monolith, for it is certain that minority problems, which he exploited in his own rise to power, will not vanish now when it suits his convenience.

As we write, reports from Berlin suggest that the diplomatic offensive in the Balkans may be brought to a temporary halt. One reason may be the necessity of finding a formula to compose these conflicting claims; another may be the advent of winter, which discourages military movements in the Balkans or Asia Minor. The third, and perhaps most important, is the silence of Russia. There are reports that the Kremlin has advised Bulgaria not to sign with the Axis, and these have not been denied in Moscow although a story that Hungary's adhesion had received Stalin's blessing was quickly repudiated. Popular sentiment in Bulgaria is strongly influenced by Russian attitudes, and the Sofia government will probably try to keep on the fence as long as the big Slav brother does. Turkey would need a still stronger push from the Soviets before it gave way to the Axis; in fact, only if threatened with hostile Russian action would it be likely to permit infringement of its territory, and even then it might decide to resist. But as yet there is no sign of pressure from Moscow, and Ambassador von Papen has returned to Ankara to find a state of siege proclaimed in the frontier zones and the Turkish press in a belligerent mood.

There is reason to hope, therefore, that the German diplomatic drive in the Balkans has been stalled as effectively, though with less drama, as Italy's attack on Greece. In both cases, of course, the delay may prove only temporary, but any delay at this time is of the utmost value to Britain and Greece, for it offers them a chance to follow up their blows at Italy which we trust will not be neglected. Nothing is so likely to check Germany's diplomatic offensive as a further softening of the weakest spot in the Axis.

Behind the Vultee Strike

WE HOPE that by the time this appears in print the Vultee strike will have been settled. No unbridgeable differences separate labor and management. Both had agreed on a new wage scale when the management's demand for a two-year no-strike clause broke off the negotiations. The union had asked a minimum wage of 75 cents an hour instead of the 50 cents now being paid. But it was ready to accept, and the management to grant, a new scale under which workers would have received 62½ cents after ninety days' experience. The union was unwilling to accept a two-year no-strike clause in a period of rising prices, particularly since the management offered no system of arbitration during the two-year period. It was believed that the union would accept a one-year no-strike clause accompanied by the appointment of an impartial arbiter.

There have been two major obstacles to an agreement on the part of management. One is the bitter and so far successful opposition of the aviation industry to unionization. The other is the opposition of business in Southern California—the Vultee plant is on the outskirts of Los Angeles—to a minimum wage higher than 50 cents an hour. The Chambers of Commerce, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the Associated Farmers—all the organized groups in that area—have brought all the pressure they could to keep Vultee from raising its wages. Under its defense contracts Vultee can pass on its increases in cost to the government. The cost of wage increases was not the real problem.

In this context Attorney General Jackson's attempt to

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blame the Vultee strike on Communist influence was both unjustified and unwise. More than half the workers at Vultee have been averaging less than $20 a week, as compared with $25 to $30 a week for similar work in the unionized automobile industry. One need not be a Communist to resent a wage of $20 a week. The Attorney General's statement, in the midst of difficult negotiations, had the effect of aiding the employer and increasing the ill feeling of the workers. It was made without consultation with Defense Commissioner Hillman, who has been doing his best to help settle this strike. It seemed to line up the Attorney General with Congressmen like Cox and Costello, who are now crying "treason" over the Vultee strike but who had no word of condemnation for the aviation industry's sitdown strike of capital last summer for special tax and profit privileges.

Southern California has low wages because it has always harshly suppressed labor unionism. If the Attorney General will look into the latest section of the La Follette committee report to be released, Part 64, he will see what unscrupulous methods have been used. Vultee Aircraft belongs to the reactionary Merchants' and Miners' Association of Los Angeles. One of the association's principal instruments in its anti-union activities was Captain William F. (Red) Hynes of the Los Angeles police "Intelligence Bureau," better known as the Red Squad. The documents published by the La Follette committee in Part 64 show "Red" Hynes as a friend of the Associated Farmers and the Silver Shirts. The documents indicate the gratitude of employers to Hynes for his strike-breaking activities and show that he operates on the principle that unionism itself is a form of subversive activity. The Attorney General said that he made his statement about Communist responsibility for the Vultee strike on the basis of FBI evidence from Los Angeles. Was this evidence furnished by Hynes? In the past Hynes has worked closely with the FBI. A letter dated June 22, 1940, and signed by the Los Angeles chief of police says that Hynes had been appointed "to serve as 'liaison officer' between this department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation" in connection with the activities referred to in the President's letter to J. Edgar Hoover of September 15, 1939. As a result of the letter, the FBI asked the cooperation of local police departments in keeping a watch on subversive elements. The Hynes definition of subversive is not the President's or the Attorney General's, and Mr. Jackson should be on his guard against information from such unsavory sources. One document in Part 64, taken from the Hynes card index of dangerous radicals, indicates the standards on which Hynes operates. It describes as "a pro-Soviet wkr," linked to "Socialist, Com., and IWW causes" none other than Defense Commissioner Hillman.

Religion and Democracy

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHEN my grandfather cleared out of Germany in 1848, he left behind him many things he hated. Chief among them was the hard, aggressive militarism of Prussia. He deserted from the army rather than support the Prussian drive to crush the smaller German states. So did thousands of other young men of his day, and the world, especially the United States, was enriched as the result of their rebellion and exile.

But my grandfather rejected another rule which seemed to him only another form of tyranny. He had been destined for the priesthood, and he deserted the church as well as the army. He took refuge in France before he came to America, and there he became a free-thinker and a devout rationalist. To be a free-thinker in that day was no irresponsible exercise in private agnosticism; it was a positive indorsement of the dominance of reason, a defiance of the power of the church, and it required a sturdy non-conformist spirit. But that was the prevailing spirit of the rebellious youth of my grandfather's generation, as it has been in all other periods dominated by a struggle for freedom.

I hope it is not merely an ancestral throwback that makes me dislike the religious tone pervading so many of the pro-democratic exhortations of the present moment. Reading the speeches of candidates for office and statesmen in office and the writings of editors and columnists has become a daily exercise in piety. More and more the belief seems to take root that the fight against Hitler is a fight for religion. Oftener and oftener we are invited to go forth to the defense of a "Christian" civilization. The Christian faith is somehow equated—even identified—with democracy, and the war itself is becoming a holy war: embattled Christianity against the Nazi infidels.

The President, more effectively and eloquently than anyone else in this country, has put this concept into words. In his address to the Pan-American Scientific Congress last May he proclaimed his belief that the Americas would have to "become the guardian of Western culture, the protection of Christian civilization." He has echoed this feeling in several speeches. One can find similar if less powerful expression of it in the writings of Dorothy Thompson and other supporters of the struggle against Hitler.

This emphasis is easy to understand. Hitler's attack on the churches, his blood mythos, his tolerance for the pre-Christian practices of his more exuberant followers, have created a backdrop against which a religious appeal gains great effect. But the appeal is based on an illusion, in my opinion a dangerous one, which by mixing religious and secular concepts is certain to create confusion.

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Democracy may be Christian or Jewish; it may be pagan or agnostic; it is related to whatever culture and whatever religious or non-religious ideas flourish in the society that breeds it. Democracy has nothing on earth to do with any particular faith.

Christianity may nourish democracy or dictatorship. In some periods and places it has provided fertile spiritual soil for liberal ideas. In Protestant England it has done so, or at least it has not seriously retarded their growth. In Catholic Spain it has supported black reaction and has fought, in a succession of struggles not yet ended, on the side of absolutism—of king or dictator. In the United States, which as a crucible for the faiths and unfaiths of all the world must not be given a religious tag, the story of Christianity is a record of violent contradictions and inconsistencies. As an organized body of faith, Christianity cannot be said to stand on the side of democracy. The Catholics can—but seldom do—boast of a liberal wing which has encouraged social reforms and a wide degree of democratic control. But the stronger if not more numerous element in that church has steadfastly resisted every democratic impulse in our society—from the federal child-labor amendment to support of the republican cause in the Spanish War. The Protestants are so mixed up in their political alignments that no attempt at classification is worth making. From the obscurantism of the primitive sects which burgeon particularly in the South and Middle West to the enlightenment of many major denominational groups, every shade of political faith exists. One can find Christians offering courageous support for every democratic effort; but one cannot find organized Christianity as a whole offering anything. And that is just as well.

We learned long ago in this country that one of the best guaranties of democracy was a determination to keep church and state, religion and politics, out of each other's company. We are not a Christian civilization; democracy is not a Christian invention. We are a civilization molded by the efforts of men and women of different faiths, united only in their belief in the capacity of ordinary people to set up and run their own political institutions and through them to create a decent human society. Among these people are many whose devotion to democracy is linked with a stubborn religious skepticism.

I am not trying to deny the virtue or validity of religious feeling. The desires of men find expression in faith more directly than in any purely rational exercise. From faith men draw the strength and meaning that carry them through desperate ordeals. But the religious impulse is a fluid which runs as readily into one mold as another. It can be made to fit the uniform of a storm trooper quite as snugly as the habit of a Christian churchgoer. It is an ally of any cause that enables the individual to savor the joy of dedicating himself to something which seems greater and more valuable than his own small life. This obvious truth is applied by the Nazis for their own ends with conspicuous success, and it is natural that opponents of the Nazi cult should seek to convert the religious desires of men to the uses of democracy. But they can accomplish this in only one way—by endowing democracy itself with emotional content and spiritual worth, not by identifying it with any set religious faith.

The struggle we are engaged upon is not a struggle of Christianity against paganism or of religion against non-religion. It is a secular struggle to establish a society in which men and women shall be free to vote and write and speak as they choose; to follow the dictates of reason rather than of blood; to use methods of discussion and orderly decision rather than violence; to achieve economic security and justice by their common efforts; to follow the faith they prefer or to repudiate religious dogma altogether. This was what the struggle meant to the countless men and women who, like my grandfather, refused to accept Prussian tyranny in the last century; I cannot believe that it has lost that meaning today.

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The Squeeze on Mexico

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 22

SOME Congressional committee would do the country a service by looking into army and navy purchases of oil. On September 5 the Navy Department opened bids on a half-million barrels of fuel oil. The low bid was 79 cents a barrel. The next bid was 87 cents. The highest bid was 89 cents a barrel. The Navy Department chose to buy the oil from the highest bidder. The highest bidder was Standard Oil.

It may be that the Navy Department can prove that it did not violate the law by paying 10 cents a barrel more for fuel oil than was necessary. No doubt Standard Oil can prove, to its own satisfaction at least, that it was justified in charging the navy 89 cents a barrel at a time when it was selling fuel oil to private companies at 80 and 85 cents a barrel. More important than the question of Standard's patriotism and the Navy Department's business acumen is the light these facts, disclosed here for the first time, throw on our relations with Mexico. The 87-cent bid was made by Harry Sinclair's Consolidated Oil Company and the 79-cent bid by Eastern States Petroleum, and both were offering Mexican oil. The Navy Department rejected their bids because it did not wish to buy Mexican oil, and in doing so it joined in the boycott by which Standard Oil has been putting the squeeze on Mexico.

The result of the squeeze, now rapidly taking shape behind the scenes, is a settlement of the controversy between Mexico and Standard Oil which will save the face of the former but register a victory for the latter. A five-man board will be set up, with two members named by the Mexican government, two by the oil companies, and a fifth satisfactory to both sides. This board will operate the expropriated properties, and a percentage of the proceeds will be set aside to pay back the investment of the private companies. The price will be fixed later, and the arrangement will strongly resemble the proposals originally made to Cárdenas by Donald Richberg as counsel for Standard Oil. At the end of the long-term operating contract, the properties will revert to Mexico —unless there is a revolution in the meantime and Mexico reverts to the oil companies.

This story is written in the belief that the good-will of the people of Mexico is more important to our national security than the good-will of the Standard Oil Company, and that if a Congressional spotlight could help put pressure on Standard Oil and ease pressure on Mexico, it would serve the best interests of both countries. Since there is no diplomacy more secret than the secret diplomacy of oil, it is possible to piece together only the main outlines of the struggle which has been going on since the Mexican government on March 18, 1938, expropriated the oil companies. The Mexican government has been subjected to an international boycott organized by Standard Oil, and agencies of the American government have taken part in that boycott despite our Good Neighbor policy.

Yet to be answered is the question what part the State Department itself played in putting the screws on Mexico. It may be that the Navy Department acted on its own responsibility when it picked the highest bidder for its fuel-oil contract on September 5, but there is good reason to think that it did not. The department's action was regarded in oil circles as a deliberate embargo on Mexican oil, punishing Harry Sinclair for breaking the "united front" of the oil companies and making a deal with Mexico. It also slammed the door on Eastern States Petroleum, an independent refining company which has brought down on itself the enmity of Standard Oil by refining and marketing Mexican oil in this country. Eastern States, though a small company, could have acted as a private yardstick-and-birchrod, TVA style, to protect the defense program from being gouged by Standard Oil. At one time Eastern States planned to bring legal action against the Navy Department for rejecting its low bid, but it finally decided against it and has given up bidding on navy contracts. A suit would have been very embarrassing to the government, as would a public protest from Harry Sinclair to the effect that he was being penalized for putting the Good Neighbor policy into practice. Did the Navy Department run these risks without consultation with the State Department? I think not.

Since September 5 and as a result of private representations the State Department has written the Navy Department saying that it may buy "settlement oil." "Settlement oil" is oil given any American oil company in settlement of its claims under expropriation. Only one American oil man has made a settlement and is getting "settlement oil," and that is Harry Sinclair. The letter said nothing about non-expropriated Mexican oil, such as is being marketed here by Eastern States Petroleum under contract with the Mexican government. Why should there be an unofficial embargo on any kind of Mexican oil?

Standard Oil, striving to make the embargo official, threw its full support to the bill to amend the National

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Stolen Property Act introduced by Senator Sheppard. This bill, which passed the Senate, would have forbidden the sale of confiscated property in interstate or foreign commerce, and it defined confiscated property as property taken "by means of force by any foreign government, or by means of any law, decree, order, ordinance, or other act, direct or indirect" when payment is not provided "in a manner acceptable to the owners of the property so taken." A fine of not more than $10,000 and imprisonment for not more than ten years were the penalties provided for those who "knowingly" sold such goods. An item in Pearson and Allen's Washington Merry-Go-Round first called public attention to the bill. The State Department objected to the measure, and after Majority Leader McCormack introduced the bill in the House, hearings were held by the House Judiciary Committee. It was amended to make embargoes on "confiscated property" discretionary with the President, and the State Department said it had "no objection" to the bill in that form though its trouble-making potentialities were still enormous. The fact that it was introduced by the majority leader and that an assistant to the party whip in the House helped line up votes for the measure raises the question of whether it had Administration support. On October 1, after a debate in which it was shown that the bill could be used to embargo products from almost any country in the world, including England, it was narrowly defeated by a vote of 129 to 123 in the House.

It would be interesting to know the full extent of the unofficial boycott against Mexico and to know just how many of our laws are broken in the process. It is known that Mexico found that it could not buy ethyl to mix with its gasoline or tankers to carry it; nor could it find companies willing to sell equipment for refining it, or even second-hand dealers from whom to buy old equipment. Sixteen American supply companies—their names are known—refused cash orders from the Mexican government for $50,000,000 worth of oil equipment and supplies, and helped drive Mexico into its barter deal with Germany.

The shutting off of foreign markets by the war has been the final blow to Mexico's hope of itself operating the expropriated oil companies. Mexico needs an Export-Import Bank loan, but will get none until it has made its peace with Standard Oil. Camacho is no Cárdenas, and there was heavy bidding between him and Almazán for Standard Oil's favor after the Mexican elections and before our own. Almazán and Willkie were the choices of oil, but even under Mr. Roosevelt, Standard Oil is not without its influence. The oil experts of the Defense Commission are all drawn from Standard Oil or Shell or the Rockefeller–du Pont Ethyl Corporation. There are no independents among them. And in a position of power in the State Department until a few days ago was Joseph E. Davies, special assistant to Secretary Hull. Mr. Davies is a law partner of Donald Richberg, counsel for Standard Oil.

Murray to the Rescue

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Atlantic City, N. J., November 22

THE C. I. O. convention was to a large extent a continuation of the recent political campaign, and like the campaign it ended in a triumph for democracy. But the victory was not an easy one. The five-day convention was adjudged by many veteran observers one of the most turbulent and exciting gatherings in America's labor history, not excepting the memorable A. F. of L. convention in 1935, when in the same Atlantic City auditorium the plan for starting a C. I. O. was conceived. The turbulence and excitement sprang from fundamental issues—issues so charged with dynamite that, if they had been allowed to explode, they might well have buried most of labor's extraordinary gains of the past five years under an avalanche of factionalism and bad temper. This was avoided by only a hair's breadth, and much of the credit is due to Sidney Hillman and the organizations for which he spoke.

It was a foregone conclusion that John L. Lewis would resign from the C. I. O. presidency. He had to do so in order to save his face with the American people. The very elements which applauded his indorsement of Wendell Willkie insisted in the press and otherwise that he keep his promise to resign. The nature and source of some of this insistence had all the earmarks of an effort on the part of Willkie supporters to salvage at least a minor victory from their campaign efforts, and by the same token added to the grievousness of Lewis's error. But if Lewis was surely going to resign from office, was he also going to abdicate his power? That was the moot question, and those who knew Lewis were certain the answer was no.

Under these circumstances, who was to be his successor? Phil Murray was the logical man to lead the C. I. O., but Phil Murray would not be a Charlie McCarthy. He would accept the office only on condition that

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he be given a free hand to direct the affairs of the organization. This included a free hand in cleaning out so-called left-wing elements from positions of power. Lewis refused to make any promises, and the left-wingers moved heaven and earth to keep him from making such commitments. They did not attempt to urge or advise him; their method, a successful one up to this time, was to flatter and feed his ego. With this aim they carried on a continuous demonstration to the tune of "Lewis is our leader," and carried it to such nauseating lengths that in the end it defeated its own purpose.

When on the second day of the convention Phil Murray announced that he had a right "to make a decision once in a while" and that it was his decision not to stand as a candidate for the presidency, the left-wingers' praise for the "leader" rose to new heights. It looked as if the new president would be chosen by Lewis from among his lesser satellites to serve as his mouthpiece and stooge. He could have done it, for the left-wingers and Lewis payrollers composed a vast majority of the convention delegates. The way was further paved for this eventuality when at the close of the second day Lewis delivered a scathing attack on the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, virtually challenging them to get out of the C. I. O. Had the Amalgamated accepted this challenge, the Textile and Rubber Workers' unions would have probably gone along with them, and other organizations, such as the automobile and aluminum workers and wholesale and retail employees, would have been split wide open. There would also have been wholesale defection of membership from steel and other unions, including those miners' locals which do not have the check-off of dues. This desperately irresponsible gesture of Lewis's amazed even his closest friends.

Calls were promptly issued for caucuses in which delegates of all the unions siding with the Amalgamated participated. The strategy they decided on was to remain inside the C. I. O. and to carry to the floor the fight for a greater degree of democracy, for a declaration against Communists, and for the drafting of Murray for the presidency. Hillman was hastily summoned from Washington to serve as their spokesman.

The situation was a delicate one. Lewis still had the delegates and could shove them about like pawns on a chessboard. But Hillman had all the aces. He had the President of the United States behind him. The demonstration of independence staged by labor throughout the country on November 5 was smartingly fresh in everyone's mind, especially Lewis's, and Hillman addressed himself to those workers far more than to the delegates facing him. The organizations most vociferous in their support of Lewis not only were known to be tinged with communism but, as Lewis well knew, represented inflated memberships and empty treasuries. To win with their aid would have been a sham victory, and would have exposed him to impotence and wide ridicule. Lewis had no choice. He sulkily retired to a corner of the platform while Murray presented Hillman to the convention to deliver a two-hour speech which definitely turned the tide.

That evening a resolution dealing with what Murray termed the issue of "international power politics" was drawn up; it was presented to the convention on the following morning and unanimously adopted after Tom Kennedy, chairman of the Resolutions Committee, moved to eliminate debate on it. The resolution asserted in no uncertain terms that the C. I. O. rejected "any policies emanating from totalitarianism, dictatorships, and foreign ideologies such as Nazism, Communism, and Fascism." Agreement, too, was reached upon the previously rejected attempt to amend the constitution so as to limit the power of the president and vest greater authority in the executive board. After these conditions were met, Murray agreed to accept the presidency, a measure of unity was restored, and the C. I. O. was saved from a destructive explosion.

Lewis was defeated. There can be no doubt about that. Does it mean that he will be satisfied to play a secondary role? Hardly anyone believes in such a possibility. He himself warned against such an assumption when he declared that he was not "a dying gladiator or even sorely wounded." As head of the miners' union he will wield tremendous power within the C. I. O. If he wishes to, he can probably manipulate his machine so as to get himself reinstated as C. I. O. president a year hence. But this is not likely, for Lewis is playing for bigger stakes. He has political ambitions, and it was these that led him into the complicated struggle in which he lost the first round. He will not give up. Neither will he shrink from making an alliance with any group on the right or left if he thinks it will serve his purpose. Temporarily his path has been blocked. Whether he can be indefinitely checkmated depends upon developments about which the most daring tightrope walkers in journalism would hardly venture to make a prediction.

Much will depend upon what Phil Murray can accomplish in the coming year. His path is a difficult one, and he will tread it cautiously. But his aims, however cautiously carried out, will entail riddance of many left-wingers or the relegation of them to minor positions. This will inevitably give rise to knifing by these elements, with the result that progress will be impeded. And if, as is quite likely, Lewis chooses to use these elements as his hatchet men in a drive for political support among dissidents, he will not lift a finger to stop them from annoying his successor. Also hindering Murray's drive toward his chief objective, which is to organize the unorganized, is the demand for unity between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. from the press, the government, and many elements outside labor's ranks.

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This demand springs from a mixture of ignorance and wishful thinking. Unity in labor's ranks is desirable, and no one is better aware of it than the C. I. O.'s new president. But unity in the conventional sense is a virtual impossibility at this time. The cleavages between the two branches of labor are fundamental, and it will take years and the most expert treatment to eliminate them. All that can be done now is to clear the atmosphere of hostility and make it possible for representatives of both groups to cooperate on minor specific issues. This setting has been created to some extent by the very fact of Murray's election, and it will probably be maintained and extended save where left-wing sabotage prevents it.

The convention marks a sharp turning-point in the C. I. O.'s course. Whether or not it is a turn for the better will depend upon at least three major factors:

1. What the government does. If the government will safeguard and enforce existing social legislation, if it will give labor a greater voice than at present in the national defense program, if it will keep open the channels of civil liberty, and if it will cooperate with labor in planning to prevent a probable economic débâcle when war orders have to be replaced by orders for mass consumption, the conditions against which Lewis, with a good deal of justification, cried out will be remedied. This will close the door to an attempt on his part to lead a crusade in the name of the "fifty-two million shrunken bellies."

2. Whether or not this country becomes involved in war.

3. This above all—whether the millions of workers in mines, mills, shops, and factories remain alert to their responsibility as citizens and producers in a democracy. They have scored two major victories—on Election Day and in Atlantic City. By these victories they have gained the leadership and the instrumentalities with which to safeguard and improve American democracy, and within its framework their own economic condition. But the task of maintaining their gains and adding to them is still ahead.

The Indivisible War—II

BY RALPH BATES

Social Strains

THE British and French declaration of war, in September, 1939, which had not been expected by Hitler after the signing of the Russo-German pact, seriously disturbed the Axis time-table and produced unwelcome consequences. Hitler was compelled to set about the creation of a stable system of Balkan alliances and the organization of his *Lebensraum* in that region while the war was going on. He had intended to do this before the outbreak of hostilities. The "phony" stage of the war, on his side, represented the time required for the maturing of his armament effort. His "peace proposals" of the early months had their origin in the dislocation of his diplomatic effort in the Balkans. As the result of all this, he has not been able to build up sufficient pressure against the Soviet Union and Turkey to insure his free passage toward Suez. That failure, now that France has fallen, has necessarily placed untimely burdens upon the Axis sea power, Italy. This dislocation, I shall try to show, has had further consequences. Hitler has had no time to ease off the social strains which have now been brought, by the very extension of his physical grasp and by the incidence of burdens within it, into the very heart of his problem. Another effect has been the introduction of a certain disharmony of strategic ideas within the Axis itself. Mussolini, unwilling to surrender influence in the Balkans to Hitler, is nevertheless compelled to accelerate, as it were, the German advance toward Asia Minor. So far as Italy is concerned, the Balkan campaign, including the Greek adventure—in part an insurance against German domination in that region—chiefly represents an effort to spread out the British naval forces and so to make possible an avoidance of major battle.

Provided the Soviet Union does not advise Turkey to yield to German demands, the utmost the Axis can speedily do is to render Britain's control of the Aegean and eastern Mediterranean somewhat more difficult. So much would be accomplished by a German advance against Greece through Bulgaria and the consequent defeat of Greece. From such an outcome, however, Italy would derive only partial relief, at the expense of further subordinating itself to German control. Costly and nerve-racking burdens, increasing the unpopularity of the war among the Italian people, would still have to be borne.

It is a commonplace that the Italian war is based upon a deficient industry. A few of the notorious lacks may have been removed by the conquest of France and German access to Spain. But even if these needs have been fully satisfied, the initial impact of Italian equipment, in all departments, must have something like decisive effect, for it cannot easily be replaced except by calling

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upon German industry. The incorporation of Europe into a functioning economy would put arms and other products at Mussolini's disposal, but this takes time. Food supplies from the conquered and subordinate countries may turn out to be insufficient to quell the rising discontent if the war endures. They cannot be supplemented from the nearest sources, in Africa, without risking battle.

It is here that one perceives the social strains that have been exacerbated by the new turn in the war. A survey of Italian conditions cannot be given here. It is sufficient to say that the living standards of the Italian working class are almost the lowest in Europe, being little higher, in terms of real income per occupied person, than those of the Soviet Union, while many of the social services enjoyed in the latter country are absent in Italy. In comparison with pre-1914 levels the income of the Italian workman has declined by about 12 per cent. Working hours have decreased, but there is little possibility that their necessary lengthening would so augment output that catastrophic losses of equipment could quickly be made good. In Italy there are no reserves of idle or half idle plants as there were in Britain. War inevitably lowers the standard of living, and Mussolini has much less latitude in this respect than his partner. Italian agriculture rests upon a completely outmoded form of production. The proof is in the fact that the hard-working peasant, as devoted an agricultor as any in Europe, has a productivity index of much less than half that of the British field laborer. Among the defects of the system are the subdivision of land, high rents, bureaucratic imposition, burdensome taxes, insufficient capital, and the tyrannous meddling of the Fascisti.

In addition, Italy has been at war, actively, since 1935, with only one apprehensive interval of a year. This draws attention to the most striking difference between the present war and that of 1914-18. There is an easily recognizable sense in which the first World War sprang "out of the blue." Its origin lay in the same social malaise; its preparation was as real, of course, but did not throw so much strain upon society, either in the economic or in the political domain. That war began with a tremendous explosion and ended with minor wars and revolutions. The present conflict began with local wars and revolutions and with constant political struggles that exposed the roles of classes. The sudden collapse of France was due, for instance, to the existence of a state of affairs not totally unlike that which threatened in 1917, and which, fundamentally, only the arrival of the American armies staved off. In France as in Britain a very large section of the privileged classes had no desire to "drive the workers into the maelstrom of war." The dominant mood of those classes, indeed, was against the war. When they entered, they did so half-heartedly, under the compulsion of the popular masses.

When we watch the dramatic working out of the logic of history we must not fail to perceive that this striking reversal of order suggests that the development of defeatism, whether simple or revolutionary, and of movements of dissent in general within Italy and Germany, together with similar movements in the conquered countries, will be much more rapid than would otherwise be the case. Indeed, political stresses, since they were set up before the war, will manifest themselves more quickly in all countries. In Britain, defended by sea power, where the Labor movement had not fallen under Communist influence—at an earlier stage a misfortune—resistance was given new power by the overthrow of the Chamberlain government, which was recognized by Labor as peculiarly responsible for the war.

If we now examine the situation encountered by Hitler at the Atlantic end of his European line, we shall see that the social circumstances which Franco must dominate are hindering the Axis. Those conflicts of society which at one stage of their development cleared obstacles from the Axis path have there erected new checks. That Franco has no real liberty of decision whatsoever is true, I believe, for in the last resort the fall of France has placed Spain under German dictatorship. He cannot be kept out of the war by any other means than the infliction of defeats upon the Axis. In that respect Taranto was a far more powerful argument than any other that could have been devised. But while Franco must obey the Axis, the dictators must also take account of realities.

We do not know what occurred when Franco and Hitler recently met, but it seems to me that the undying optimism about Franco which one observes in certain quarters is misplaced. Let us consider what aid Hitler might have asked. But first it must be noted that the distinction between active and permissive aid which some have made is not one open to Franco. To concede Hitler any minimum form of military aid is to make inevitable the imposition of sanctions that could not be greater if he granted the maximum.

The Spanish dictator's military resources are feeble when compared with those of Germany. He might, however, join in an attack upon Gibraltar, add his weak navy to the Italian, harass Mediterranean lines of communication with his small air force, and by troop movements in Morocco suggest to recusant Frenchmen that acquiescence would be advisable. He could grant submarine bases on the Atlantic coast and in the Canary Islands. These aids, however, are subordinate to the immediate strategic intention of spreading out the British field of naval operations. Hitler will have taken the long view. Remembering the Napoleonic campaigns he may have decided that the paralysis of Portugal, still in

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the British orbit, and the fortification of points of debarcation elsewhere in the Iberian peninsula are worthy objectives. During the first World War, in fact, the German government made overtures to Spain concerning the future status of Portugal. Spain is incapable of offering economic aid in its present condition. The war materials which it possesses are presumably at Hitler's disposal already, though restoration of the Spanish industrial machine would certainly enable the Axis to obtain some new supplies of munitions and equipment. Diplomatically and politically Franco can, and does, assist in the fascist penetration of Latin America.

Madrid has good reasons for non-compliance at this moment. Franco must have pointed out that to suffer the effects of a total blockade for any great length of time would be disastrous for him. He must have argued that the investment of Gibraltar demands precisely that breaking of British sea power which the enterprise is intended to accomplish, and that since his heavy industries are all situated near the coast of Spain he would be running additional hazards. What is most likely, therefore, is that Franco declared that his entry, since it must be timed with precision, was conditional upon three things. He will have no power to enforce them, but I suggest they are these: that the Axis left wing in the Balkans and Asia Minor be developed; that the British navy be weakened; and that the economic organization of the New Europe be carried further toward completion, so that economic privation in Spain may be reduced. ("In the meantime," Hitler probably said to Franco, "get what help you can elsewhere.")

There is the crux of the immediate problem confronting the Axis, for the destruction of Gibraltar as a naval base and the closing of the straits are themselves necessary measures for the fulfilment of these other conditions. Any assault upon Gibraltar, backed by air power, could render it useless as a base even though its conquest proved to be extremely difficult. Its fall, or even its investment, would energize, as it were, all that comparatively weak network of Axis and French bases which is spread out over the entire Mediterranean.

It is pertinent to ask which victory, a British or a German, Franco would naturally desire. The answer is clear. Unless the British authorities could promise a perpetuity of reactionary governments willing to sustain his or any comparable regime, the Spanish dictator must prefer a German victory, for that is by far the best guaranty his dictatorship can obtain. A detailed study of Spanish politics since the cessation of Republican resistance would show that the "pro-British" forces among the reactionary ruling classes are unlikely to obtain power now that France has fallen, whatever may be the favors shown to Franco by Britain. These people—high-ranking ecclesiastics, great landlords, Catalan and Basque industrialists, and a few generals—were able to show some hostility to the pro-Axis Phalanx only so long as German troops were not in proximity to the frontier. They have no backing whatsoever among the repressed workers and peasantry. They desire nothing more than to safeguard their own privileges by easing social tensions. It was for that reason that they supported Franco and his Axis allies, just as they had been pro-German during the first World War. At present they are willing to urge caution upon Franco lest he cause so much discontent that no repression will contain it. They dislike fascism as a political system and regret that the Phalanx is so unreasonable as to entertain an ideology instead of being content to oppress in the old-fashioned way. They are nevertheless astute enough to realize that if the Phalanx were destroyed their own domination would disappear.

Every Axis victory has strengthened the Phalanx as the ruling party; the accession to power of the interventionist Serrano Suñer in recent weeks and the dismissal of the pro-British Foreign Minister were brought about by the French defeat. Suñer's party depends for its very existence upon collaboration with the Axis and the continued violent repression of the Spanish people. There is, therefore, only one ally Britain can obtain in Spain, the people themselves, and to win their help a new domestic and foreign policy is essential. The necessity for correct relations with the Spanish people will be seen if we take note of the most pressing of Britain's needs, that is, the occupation of all the Spanish hinterland lying within a fairly inclusive arc based upon Gibraltar in order to prevent the closing of the straits—which might be accomplished without the capture of Gibraltar itself.

In France despair will diminish as British resistance continues, the demoralization of the working class will disappear, exhaustion will give place to expectancy. And conclusions, inescapable now, will be drawn by the French people as to the identity of the real betrayers of France. The Riom trials, by the significant absence from the dock of the prosecution itself, will make this inevitable.

It is incorrect to assume that the imposition of dictatorship by Vichy was an attempt to curry favor with the Axis. Its object was solely to maintain the rule of a group of fascist imperialists, who hoped, by collaboration against Britain, to save some part of the French Empire. Vichy cannot obtain peace, or any relief attendant upon peace, for that would involve a transference of territories impossible to Vichy and Berlin alike. The only maneuver to which Laval can have recourse is the futile one of attempting to incorporate France into a Latin bloc. The consequence of all this is that his dictatorship, which is utterly without popular support, is bound to appear, not as the melancholy price of defeat,

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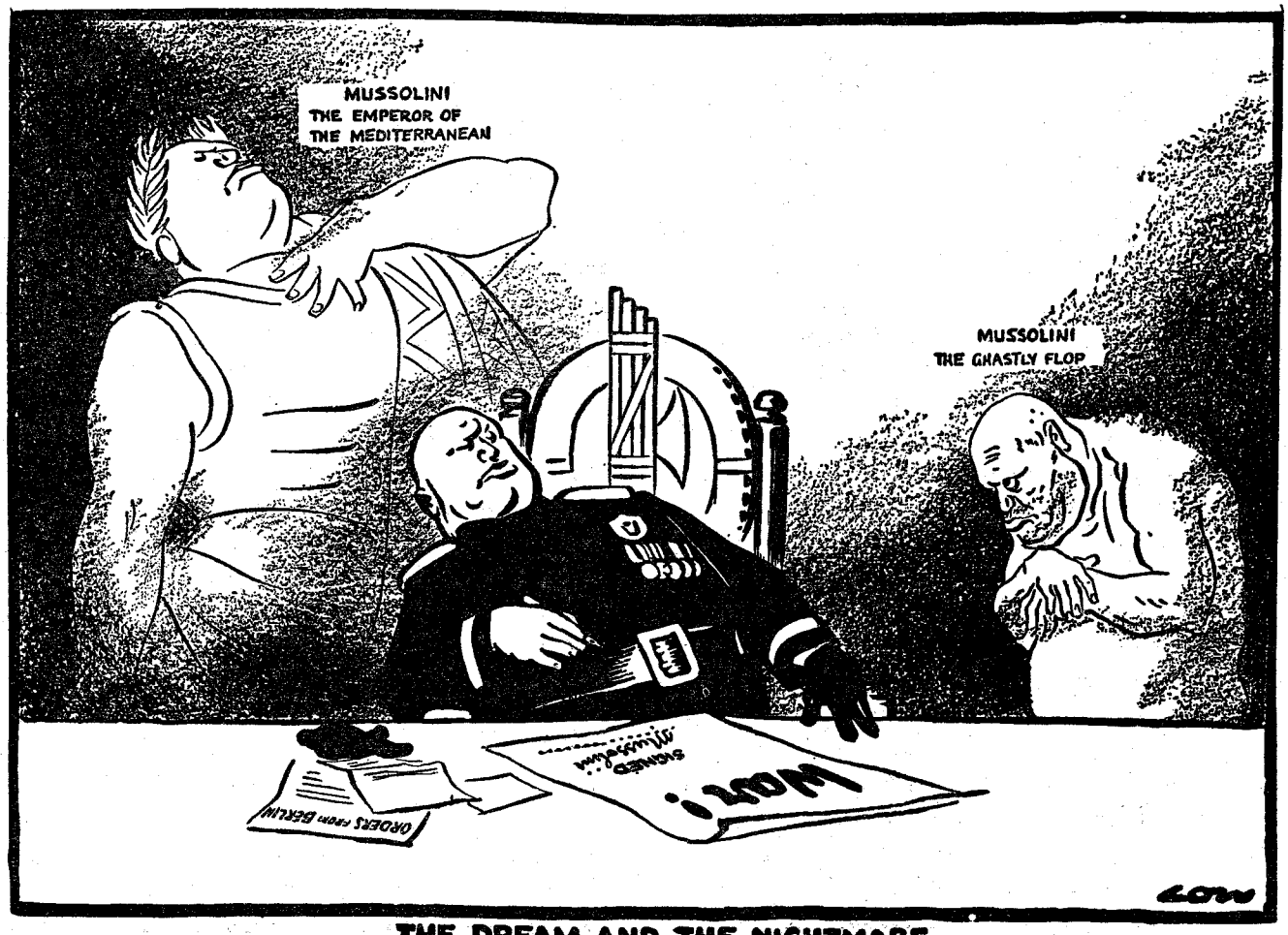
but as the macabre guaranty of a partial victory for a limited number of Frenchmen.

A new direction will be given to the French people's struggle, both now and in the event of German enfeeblement. The classical problem for the French left was not only to achieve unity of political action between the two great working-class parties but to secure the adherence of the peasantry. The German exactions, which reach France through Vichy, now fall equally heavily on the lower middle class, the working class, and the peasantry. In fact, as time goes on, a greater burden may be borne by the agricultural population than by any other. The lifeless and stifling bureaucratic administration was one of the most striking things in prewar France. The present state of affairs will further discredit that bureaucracy, which had been the very symbol of the old, outmoded republic. If we compare the contemporary situation of France with that of 1848, we shall note suggestive contrasts. In that epoch the first step toward the victory of Bonaparte and imperial restoration was the isolated action, and defeat, of the urban working class in May and June. In the contemporary period the dense city populations of the north, now suffering from unemployment and the German occupation, will probably enter any movement of dissent last, that is to say, when German domination is withdrawn—by which time the peasantry and smaller urban concentrations of unoccupied France will have begun their struggle.

To sum up the argument, which might be greatly enriched if space were available: the dislocation of the Axis plans for a westward offensive and the inversion of the general logic of war developments have together maintained or brought into existence social strains which, honestly utilized, can hinder the Axis and prepare the ground for its collapse. Upon the military side this would seem to imply a concentration of offensive effort against Italy; upon the political, the abandonment of limited appeals based upon the desire to conserve imperialist democracy. The appeal to profounder conceptions of democracy is essential if Britain is to land armies upon the Continent, since the French and Spanish people, for example, cannot be expected to follow governments whose treasons have brought so much distress to them.

This is not merely a "political" view. The enormity of the tasks confronting London and the overwhelming superiority which the Axis possesses make it a question of the very survival of Britain as a free nation. Popular optimism, based almost wholly upon the magnificent fortitude of London, is entirely unjustified. Britain can win, but revolutionary changes in its policy are quite as necessary as a great acceleration of American aid.

[*The first part of Mr. Bates's article was published last week. The conclusion, on the war's effect on the British social structure, will appear in an early issue.*]



THE DREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE

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Vatican-Axis Diplomacy

BY GEORGE LA PIANA

THE American public has long entertained such exaggerated notions of the influence of the Roman Catholic church on political and social institutions throughout the Christian world that many non-Catholics are fearful of the part the Vatican may play in Europe after the present war is over. They already see the great dictatorial triumvirate of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, with Pétain as a weak fourth, kneeling before the papal throne and receiving the blessing of Pius XII for the final great crusade against the three-headed monster of communism, Judaism, and liberalism. Among Catholics there are some who, having no faith in Hitler, prefer to think that a Latin bloc is in the offing, a Mussolini-Franco-Pétain coalition surrounded by such minor figures as Salazar of Portugal and the flock of South American dictators soon to be installed under the aegis of the Spanish *caudillo*. This Latin bloc, thoroughly Catholic, upheld by legions of bishops and priests and friars under the direction of the Vatican, will, in their vision, gather irresistible strength, rebaptize the Germans in Catholic waters, destroy the work of the Reformation which "dechristianized" them, and build a new and potent Catholic civilization.

Turning from these speculations about the future to present facts, we find that though the Papacy has condemned the totalitarian ideologies in so far as they affect religion and the church, it has in practice been more than eager to collaborate with the dictators. And the dictators have felt free to use the whip any time that the Vatican, taking seriously its rights as a sovereign state, has assumed an independent attitude. In their respective countries they have kept the Catholic church under strict control. A glance at the course of events since last March will bring home to those who cherish illusions about the Vatican's power what part the Papacy is really playing in world affairs.

On March 11, 1940, the German Foreign Minister, Herr von Ribbentrop, was received at the Vatican by Pope Pius XII. This visit took place a few days before the meeting between Hitler and Mussolini at the Brenner Pass and a few weeks before the great German offensive on the western front. For over a month the Vatican radio station had been denouncing German atrocities against the Catholics in Poland. It seemed plain that Hitler, annoyed by this attack, was making a gesture of appeasement toward the Vatican, perhaps for the sake of greater internal unity in Germany, before starting the campaign against the Allies. The Vatican radio station expressed the hope that "Ribbentrop's visit would mark the end of tension and the beginning of a period of collaboration such as was desired by all, not least by German Catholics and the ecclesiastical hierarchy." Convinced that the Führer was in desperate need of conciliating the German Catholics, the Vatican thought the time had come to strike a hard bargain.

Hitler's unpardonable sin was his agreement with Stalin by which half of Catholic Poland was returned to Soviet Russia. On top of this came his harsh treatment of bishops and priests in the German-occupied Polish provinces. On this point Pius XII must have forcefully spoken his mind to the German envoy. Ribbentrop, with the brazen face of a former salesman of champagne, tried to persuade the Pope that Germany, after settling affairs in the West, would again turn on Russia. Vatican circles were thrilled; they compared Hitler to Henry IV kneeling before Gregory VII. His surrender, they said, was "the nearest approach to a temporal power going to Canossa that has ever been seen in recent times" (New York *Times*, March 12). But Pius XII placed no confidence in Nazi promises and made it clear that this time actual, tangible concessions were the price of peace. Ribbentrop balked; he knew that while Hitler wanted the Vatican's silence, he would not pay for it with anything more than empty words. After a long conference with the Duce, Ribbentrop went back to Berlin, his mission apparently a failure.

The Pope, still sure of having in his hand a trump card against Hitler, continued his veiled criticism of Nazi Germany in a Latin sermon preached at Saint Peter's on Easter Sunday and, three days later, in an address to the usual crowd of newly married couples, who in Italy get a free trip to Rome. On March 19 an Associated Press dispatch from Vatican City announced the imminent conclusion of a new agreement between the Papal Nuncio in Berlin and Hitler's government. The announcement even specified that in this new agreement the state would assume the burden of the financial support of parochial institutions. But by the end of March the bubble had burst: the Nuncio was refused permission to visit Poland. On April 3 the Vatican radio station resumed its attacks on German "idolatry." Hitler answered by closing more Catholic schools and churches and sending more priests to concentration camps.

Meanwhile, the meeting at the Brenner Pass had taken place, and the task of bringing the Vatican to reason was intrusted to Mussolini. As early as March 23 the Rome

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correspondent of the New York *Times* had written that while "the international policies of the Holy See and of the Fascist regime had on the whole taken parallel lines since the outbreak of the war in September," now "a storm had broken." The invasion of Denmark and Norway did not evoke comment from the Pope, but the daily organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano,* piously remarked, "There are only 2,000 Catholics in Norway; therefore, although the moral aspect is severely judged, from the practical point of view the Holy See must keep in mind the 30,000,000 German Catholics." The *Osservatore* was then the only newspaper in Italy which published the war bulletins of the Allies or criticized the Reich in its editorials. Within a few days its circulation took an incredible jump from 20,000 to 150,000 copies. The Fascist press began to thunder against the Vatican paper, and on May 7 the Fascist government sent the Vatican a warning not to allow the *Osservatore* to publish news not printed by the Italian dailies.

When Holland and Belgium were invaded by the German armies, Pius XII thought it advisable to avoid the mistake made in 1914 by his predecessor, who, expecting a quick German victory, had refrained from any public declaration and thereby exposed the Holy See to sharp criticism. This time Pius XII sent telegrams to the Queen of the Netherlands and the King of the Belgians expressing his disapproval of the invasion of neutral states and bestowing his blessing on their armies.

Hitler paid no attention to the papal gesture. Why should he? At his command the bells of all Catholic churches from Cologne to Danzig and from Hamburg to Vienna peeled joyously for three days to celebrate the Führer's triumphs, and bishops and clergymen uttered solemn thanks. His partner, the Duce, could look after the Pope. The Duce acted quickly. The papal Secretariat of State received what was virtually an ultimatum, and the Fascist press reveled in painting the Pope as "the ally of the Jews, of Free Masonry, of the democracies, and, last but not least, of the English Protestants" (New York *Times,* May 18).

The Vatican capitulated. After May 16 all political news and comments were banned from the columns of the *Osservatore;* by May 20 its circulation had dropped to a few hundred copies; the paper "for all practical purposes had ceased to exist" (New York *Times,* May 21). From that time on the Pope has carefully avoided saying anything which could be interpreted as even indirect criticism of the Axis.

On June 2, when the Battle of France was approaching its disastrous conclusion, the Pope, addressing the cardinals, made an appeal to the nations to humanize war and "extended his paternal love to the Germans and Allied peoples." The imminent attack on prostrate France by Mussolini was said to have much upset the Pontiff, and according to the Rome correspondent of the New York *Times* (June 5), he sent a personal appeal to Mussolini to keep Italy out of the war. If this letter is not another fiction like the mythical letter supposed to have been written in 1914 by Pius X to the Emperor of Austria, the Duce must have thrown it into the wastebasket, for on June 11 the heroic gesture of striking the nation already defeated by Germany was made. The Vatican was said to have adopted "an attitude of complete reserve."

At the same time, however, a rather astounding declaration was given to the press. This stated that "the attitude and the responsibility of the Vatican are entirely separate from those of the Italian clergy and the Italian Catholics." (These words appeared as a textual quotation from semi-official Vatican sources in the New York *Times* of June 12.) As a matter of fact, several Italian bishops immediately published patriotic pastoral letters urging their flock "to lift our reverent thoughts to the ever victorious King and Emperor and to the undefeated Duce: may God bless and protect him" (letter of the Archbishop of Gorizia, June 16). Cardinal Shuster of Milan visited the military barracks, assured the soldiers that "God was with them," and distributed blessed medals "to bring luck to the Italian armies." The Jesuit periodical *Civiltà Cattolica* urged the same soldiers "to shed their blood for the cause blessed by their religion." Now it is well known that in the famous Concordat of 1929 the Holy See renewed to all Italian ecclesiastics and members of religious orders the prohibition against taking part in political contests or manifestations. How, then, could the Vatican separate its attitude and responsibility from those of the Italian cardinals, bishops, and priests, who were not only taking part in political and war propaganda but sanctioning in the name of God the Fascist policy of aggression?

Another violation of the Lateran agreement, this time by Mussolini, was the refusal of the Fascist government to respect the diplomatic prerogatives of the representatives of belligerent countries accredited to the Vatican and residing in Italian territory. Shortly afterward (June 27) it was announced from Rome that thirty Italian bishops had sent a message to Mussolini urging him "to crown the unfailing victory of our army" by planting the Italian flag in Palestine, and declaring that the conquest of the Holy Land would symbolize "the harmony between the civilized people of imperial and Christian Rome." Incidentally, it was suggested that the Pope be given a share in the government of Palestine.

Vatican circles rejoiced over the emergence of Marshal Pétain as the new "dictator" of defeated France. The *Osservatore Romano* published from July 8 on a series of eulogies of the old Marshal padded with political, social, and moral discussions of the "principle of authority." It admitted that from this point of view the aims of the dictatorships coincided with those of the

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church. Quoting a statement of Salazar, the Portuguese dictator, that "the authoritarian regimes have the purpose of creating a civic conscience as a way to create a moral conscience," the *Osservatore* remarked that "such are also the desire, aspiration, and program of the church" (New York *Times,* July 19). In the same article the *Times's* Rome correspondent wrote that "German Foreign Office circles expressed marked satisfaction over what they regarded as a complete about-face by the Vatican in its position toward totalitarian states."

Those were the days when the Axis and the Vatican expected the imminent surrender of England. But when England, far from giving up the struggle, appeared more than ever determined to go on, it dawned upon the Vatican that the last word about the new European order had not yet been said. The Pope remembered then that there are several million Catholics in the British Empire and that millions of American Catholics share the feelings of their English coreligionists. They deserved at least a hint that the Holy See had not yet sold out to the Axis. Hence on October 18 the Vatican radio station in a broadcast *in the English language* complained that "the Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine were being tried in the fire of cruel persecution," that they were "under the heavy rule of the Nazis, who are using every means to indoctrinate them with the pernicious aberrations of their party's philosophy of life." One wonders, perhaps, why the Vatican chose to unburden itself to the English and the far-away Americans rather than to address its complaints in German, Italian, or French to those more directly connected with the affair.

Nor can the Vatican find much cause for satisfaction in the turn of events in Spain. Franco refuses to accept the Vatican's terms for a Concordat; he stubbornly wants to select his own bishops for the Spanish church; his brother-in-law and Foreign Minister, Serrano Suñer, when in Rome on a diplomatic mission, refused to pay a visit to the Pope. The Vatican made known through a communication in the *Osservatore Romano* that his Holiness was much affected by the Spanish lack of courtesy, and on November 20 the Vatican radio was reported to have mildly rebuked the Spanish newspaper *Alcazar* for stating that German National Socialism was not contradictory to Christian ideals.

In view of these facts what can the Vatican expect from a final triumph of the Axis or even from a hypothetical Latin bloc? Past experience with the Axis leaves no doubts about the future; the church would continue to be kept on the leash, subservient to the interests of the Nazi and Fascist states. As for the Latin bloc, if one grants that it could become a reality after the destruction of the British Empire, it would be a bloc of totalitarian states. True, it is claimed that Catholicism would be a vital factor in the unity and the policies of the bloc. But what kind of Catholicism—the Catholicism of Mussolini, of Franco, of M. Laval? Among those who advocate this Latin bloc the most outspoken are some Spanish writers and a few of Franco's henchmen outside Spain. To the Spaniards, as they state without mincing words, the bloc would offer the opportunity to reconquer their lost empire in South America and the Philippines; this is as far as their Catholicism goes.

The American Catholic press, which up to yesterday lavished its praises on Mussolini, and the Catholic bishops and priests who used to think that the Fascist model of the "corporative state" could be grafted on American democracy are busy telling us now that all dictatorships have on their agenda the complete eradication of the church and Christianity. But their fears for the church, as an organization at least, are probably groundless. The dictators know well that during the centuries of the so-called union of the Throne with the Altar the church was the most solid support of absolute monarchies, and they expect it to perform the same noble function in the totalitarian regimes. They know how they can induce it to—by the offer of temporal advantages combined with threats and force. The church, in its turn, professing now complete indifference toward any form of government, a principle which in practice often becomes sheer moral opportunism, does not seem adverse to being so used, provided, of course, that the so-called "rights of the church" are respected, at least in appearance—a sad prospect, indeed, for the Vatican, the "greatest moral and spiritual power in the world."

Within the Gates

ACCORDING to preliminary reports, the most recent effort of extreme rightists in this country to achieve greater unity has misfired rather badly. The week beginning Sunday, November 17, was set aside by a majority of the more influential leaders for a conference to be held in Chicago. Moseley, Winrod, True, Hunter, Jung, Edmondson, Dilling, and a number of lesser lights were expected to participate. But the first session, held Sunday afternoon in a small room in the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle, was attended by only eight persons, among whom were Donald Shea of the National Gentile League, Edward James Smythe of the Protestant War Veterans, and Olov Tietzow of the American Guard. Colonel E. N. Sanctuary of the American Christian Defenders, formerly known as the World Alliance Against Jewish Aggressiveness, arrived at the tabernacle late in the afternoon but left after a few minutes.

Late Sunday evening the delegates discovered that Martin Dies had been in Chicago for more than twenty-four hours and that he had announced his intention of investigating organizations proselyting for Nazism. That sealed the fate of the conference. Although the self-styled "Christian patriots" continued to meet for informal discussions, they abandoned their original purpose of formulating a plan for unified

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action. On Tuesday it was decided that the conference would be adjourned the following evening.

It is interesting to discover that the greater part of the printed matter on hand for distribution to the delegates was anti-Catholic rather than anti-Semitic. Pamphlets like "Abraham Lincoln's Vow Against the Catholic Church" far outnumbered anti-Semitic publications. The nation's leading anti-Catholic newspaper, *The Monitor,* was very much in evidence. It is apparent that religious fundamentalism, which is essentially anti-Catholic, is assuming an increasingly important function in the Nazi movement.

THE MOLLY PITCHER BRIGADE, organized six months ago by Mrs. Edna L. Johnston to train women to participate in national defense in the event of military attack upon the United States, is suffering from being confused with an anti-Semitic organization which, by intent or coincidence, chooses to call itself the Molly Pitcher Christian Women's Brigade. While the Molly Pitcher Brigade trains its members in the use of arms, first aid, ambulance driving, and military drill, the Molly Pitcher Christian Women's Brigade devotes its energies to the distribution of anti-Semitic leaflets, most of which are supplied by the German-American Bund, the Christian Mobilizers, and the Christian Front. Mrs. Frances Parr, leader of the Molly Pitcher Christian Women, has long been an enthusiastic worker in the Christian Front. In 1939 she participated in the picketing of Michael's furniture store for advertising over WMCA, one of the radio stations which refused to sell time to Father Coughlin. She also permitted her home to be used as headquarters by Edward James Smythe, who takes credit for having arranged the joint meetings of the Ku Klux Klan and the German-American Bund at Camp Nordland.

TOWARD THE END of the Spanish civil war the Institute of Public Opinion reported that Franco's sympathizers in the United States were outnumbered by pro-Loyalists more than three to one. Despite that fact, or because of it, the Spanish Library of Information, 2 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, has undertaken to sell victorious nationalism at cut-rate prices. In fact, like the Italian and German Libraries of Information, the Spanish agency gives its product away when the consumer is reluctant to pay for it.

The two chief propaganda vehicles of the Spanish Library of Information are *Spain,* an expensive monthly magazine published in English, and *Cara al Sol,* a weekly newspaper in Spanish. Both publications scrupulously avoid mentioning Franco's collaboration with the Axis and other features of the regime which are offensive to most Americans. Rather, they harp on the theme that Franco played the role of St. George to Stalin's dragon. This theme is summed up nicely in an article appearing in the October issue of *Spain:* "But there were elements in America who, vitally interested in the conflict between the forces of civilization and Christianity and those of Marxism and atheism, utilized these facts to convince a minority of Americans that Franco was fighting their battle. For in the Spanish War it could be truthfully said that the Nationalist lines were the first-line defenses of American and world civilization, even though the world in general was unaware of it."

In the Wind

TWO WEEKS after *The Nation* published Freda Kirchwey's article Wendell Willkie Reneges, Miss Kirchwey got this letter—apparently a form sent to everyone represented in the Willkie correspondence files: "I want you to know that your message touched me deeply. It conveyed to me not only your good-will, but also a heartening faith in the principles for which I stand. [*Signed*] Wendell L. Willkie."

THE "MORALE DIVISION" of the War Department has issued a long mimeographed memorandum dealing with conscription and other matters. Among the items included is the statement that "only two" hostesses of World War camps are available for duty again. They'll be there.

GENERAL MOTORS, apparently disturbed by complaints about the alleged Nazi sympathies of its vice-president, James D. Mooney, is taking steps to change all that. A memorandum explaining that Mr. Mooney must keep on good terms with Germany for business reasons is being widely circulated.

SHORTLY AFTER the election, Washington reporters say, President Roosevelt summoned State Department aides and gave them a stiff rebuke. He said he wasn't being kept informed on European developments and demanded more detailed reports.

WALTER WINCHELL is rapidly losing friends and winning enemies among union groups—and not only left-wing ones. The last straw was a one-line item blaming the Vultee aircraft strike on Nazis. Actually the strike was part of a long-planned drive by the Automobile Workers' Union to organize aircraft workers.

JOE McWILLIAMS, America's handsomest fascist, is getting secretive, anti-Nazis report. Meetings of his American Destiny Party are being closely guarded, and only those personally vouched for by members are admitted. He is using an outfit called the "Little Brown Jug Social Club" as a front for public recruiting.

THE MOST FIERY appeal for John L. Lewis to continue as president of the C. I. O. appeared in Coughlin's *Social Justice.* Up to the eve of the C. I. O. convention *Social Justice* had consistently flayed Lewis, but then it suddenly decided: "America needs this leader more than ever, now that he has seen the full light of day."

WENDELL WILLKIE has contracted to take speech lessons for six months. . . . Governor Luren Dickinson of Michigan, who was appalled by New York "sin," is going on a lectu e circuit. . . . The William Allen White committee has circulated another detailed statement on next steps to aid Britain. It warns against appeasement moves.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

ALREADY California is talking about a happy ending for the Joads. It is war—or the fact that war in the world makes preparation necessary in America. It is reported from the West Coast that for the migrants "the day of jubilee may arrive next summer in a regilded golden California." That is a California description of a chance to get a job. Even the chance is still nearly a year away. Today, the same report says, behind one of the growing dams in the Central Valley water project, where 3,000 people are employed, there are at least 7,000 men, women, and children living in dilapidated tents and shacks—hoping to get jobs. And not getting them. But war may make jobs for them.

That is the regilded golden hope. Information in the hands of reemployment and social-security officials in the West indicates that soon the drain on the labor pool caused by growing national-defense projects will leave California agriculture largely dependent on the Okies and the Arkies and the other migrants who have not seemed so welcome before.

The migrants will find welcome good to possess. But the great dramatic value of these baffled wanderers and seekers to both John Steinbeck and the nation has been that they made local distress seem an American problem. And America still stretches to the cotton fields behind those migrants, just as it lies ahead of them in the airplane factories. As veteran actors in California now they present in one show the meaning of war—or preparations for it—and the old American agriculture from which they came.

If the Associated Farmers, the deputies, and the vigilantes are preparing now to thank God for the migrants in California to fill the places of those who have moved on from the vineyards and the fields to the factories, they should know that the pressure is still big behind them. No airplane factories on the West Coast will soon absorb it. The population grows still at the fastest rate where the deepest American poverty is on the land.

War makes a difference back there, too, close to the cotton fields. The world is consuming more planes but a good deal less cotton. On the old cotton farms a million more people were living when this World War began than when war started in 1914. The big drop in raw-cotton exports, more than offsetting the increased consumption at home, is going to mean that this year a million fewer persons could produce sufficient cotton to maintain the present large supply.

Nobody will drain that labor pool quickly, though the Joads go to California and Bigger Thomas goes to Chicago and murder. But an increasing industry is growing in the Middle South as well as on the Pacific Coast in the strategic decentralization of defense plants. Those plants are welcomed not only by the chambers of commerce but by the boys and girls in the hills and on the flat delta land. The need for such industry is understood by the most unselfish and thoughtful men in the region. But there were a dozen Arkies—who did not have to move—at a recent mid-Southern conference in Memphis. Professors, editors, lawyers, farmers, they wanted to know: Will it be a permanent gain or will it provide only a temporary growth that will wean thousands from farm pursuits, train them for special skills, then leave them jobless and stranded, a more difficult problem than ever?

In the flat Mississippi Delta, which is perfectly adapted to mechanization, the 1940 census showed an increased population despite mechanization. Also sentiment, as well as inertia, has kept mechanization in Arkansas, Oklahoma, and elsewhere to a much slower pace than was possible and practical. But a growing defense program, making jobs in towns, would on the land speed not only the plow but the tractor, the growth of large-scale farming, which more efficiently uses fewer men. Such a process, coupled with a continually growing industry, is the chance for the young in those states from which the migrants departed. But if the people should ever want—in a diminishing arms industry—to go back, there would be fewer places on the land to which they could go.

There may be a great chance in the change. Certainly war abroad quickens processes at home which the migrants dramatized. Movement seems almost like a revolutionary procedure which will solve our problems or pile them up higher and higher. Already the pace of people, as well as of trucks and trailers and tractors, is faster. What war is going to do in this world is not all happening abroad. We are hurrying to change at home.

Many of us remember the movie of the tractors pulling down the cabins in which people like the Joads had lived. War is doing that at an even faster pace—and not only in Arkansas and Oklahoma. That will set men free or put them on the endless road to nowhere and nothing.

California may count on a happy ending—a regilded golden land. The only thing that seems sure to me is that few of us will ever go back on this road on which we are moving.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Dance Piece

The errand into the maze,
Ascent, the heel's blow upon space,
Speak of the need, and order the dancer's will;
But the dance is still.

For a surmise of rest, over the flight of the dial
Between shock of the fall, shock of repose,
The flesh, in its time, delivered itself to the trial,
And rose.

Suffrance, the lapse, the pause,
Were the will of the dance—
The movement-to-be, charmed from the shifts of the chance,
Intent on its cause.

And the terrible gift
Of the gaze, blind on its zenith; the wreath
Of the throat; the body's unwearied uplift,
Unmaking and making its death,

Were ripeness; and theme for return;
Were rest in the durance of matter:
The sleep of the musing begetter
And the poise in the urn.

BEN BELITT

Descent in a Parachute

Leant in his fall, to question his confident haste;
And moaned, and fumbled the cord on his broken navel;

And rose on his arms in his fall, thinking ease,
As, level under level,
In the brute and downward waste
(Crouched for the birth-blow, chin to his knees)
He grappled his breast for the ring of the bone, in his rage,
And opened his brows, like a cage.

A little troughing the void,
Tensing its folds in the vehement interim,
Buoying its silks, itself for a moment buoyed,
Out sprang the parachute brain to recover him—

"For how, in an element
Of flight and fracture, reckon rest and stress,
Or mark the stroke and know it for descent,
Among the cleaving zones of the abyss?

"Hurler and sleeper, who journey your self in your fall,
Time is the bowspan, space is the discus hurled:
You stand with the hurlers under the vault of the skull
And turn a considering surmise, like a world—

"And think to fall helpless, and turn on your arms in that dream,
Thinking the dream, chafing a word in sleep,
And rise on your arms to give the dream its name;
And tremble; and cannot break the dreamer's keep."

And plunged; (keeping childbirth, knees to his breast)
Beating his temples, parting a garland of bone,
A little flying the parachute heart as he passed,
A hand's breadth of cordage, poised like a thought, over stone;
And bent in the circuits of narrow and wilderness air,
Sprang to the ring's verge, bursting its silks on the height;
Wheeled in the ravel; leant to the deepening blur,
As up, like explosion, the flint of the world struck his flight.

BEN BELITT

Period Piece

We are entering a new period
Of history we intend to make
Amends to those we have not
Yet murdered who are friends,

For it is certain the hour
Is such nobody warns those
Who will soon be dead when
Love's time is contracted.

NORMAN MACLEOD

Notes by the Way

THE perfect place to spend the last Saturday afternoon of Indian summer is in a New England meadow under a hickory tree, with autumn made audible in the scurrying of squirrels, the dull thud of nuts falling, the creaking of crickets' hinges, and the caws of old crows sailing through air the color of apricots. But Fourth Avenue just below Union Square, New York, wasn't a bad substitute. The street there is lined with bookstalls strewn with second-to-tenth-hand books from deciduous libraries; the very spirit of Indian summer hovers over the long rows of faded bindings and makes a quiet clearing in the roar of New York. People move slowly here, yet there is suppressed excitement; and when, unaccountably and often, we bump into each other we exchange the remote absorbed and resentful glances of

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treasure hunters on the prowl. For we are always on the verge of drawing forth from the mulch of long- and well-forgotten "popular" novels an "Emma" or a Horace, to be restored for a small ransom to the libraries of the living. I brought out, at a total cost of fifty cents, "Faust" and a scarcely touched copy of E. M. Forster's "A Room with a View" in the Borzoi edition, which luckily I hadn't read and which, as the tired reviewers say, I couldn't put down until I had finished it.

I AM REMINDED of Fourth Avenue and Indian summer by the miscellaneous harvest of books, magazines, and letters which I have accumulated in the past few weeks, out of a perverse variety of interests which squirrels and true scholars would scorn. I took "A Treasury of the World's Great Letters," edited by M. Lincoln Schuster (Simon and Schuster, $3.75) because I like letters. But I'm not sure it is a book for people who like letters—as letters. It is rather for people who like letters as curiosities or who want to be informed about famous letter-writers—for Mr. Schuster devotes much of his text to diligent biographical and explanatory comments. It seems to me that letters, less than any other form of writing, lend themselves to the uses of anthologies. The charm of correspondence is a subtle, slow-working, cumulative charm which rises from the piling of letter on letter, mood on mood, until a whole personality flowers for us out of the mass of fragments which letters essentially are. There are of course many letters which are historically interesting—like those of Paul, or Zola's "J'Accuse," or Thomas Mann's letter to the dean of the philosophical faculty of the University of Bonn, or Vanzetti's farewell to Dante Sacco—but these are not properly letters at all. They are really manifestoes. This type of "letter" is at home in Mr. Schuster's anthology; there are many of them and they are interesting. But I for one wish he had left Keats out of it, or at least that he had printed the letters he chose to use and let it go at that. Instead, he wallows in sentimental comments on Keats's love and illness—he is not the first to have done so—and caps it all with a vulgar verse by Christopher Morley, one of our leading wallowers, about the auctioning of a letter from Keats to Fanny Brawne. One line in this revolting "sonnet" actually reads: "Dealer, would I were steadfast as thou art." My anger may seem excessive, but so, in this case, is the bad taste; and to discover that one of the "great letters" in this treasury is a long, incredibly silly composition by the same Christopher Morley doesn't help matters.

WITH THE WEAVERS of destruction shuttling over the Acropolis and St. Paul's, the Penelope's web of the day's preoccupations gets harder and harder to unravel. Yet even moderns must sleep; and since, for me, books about the desert still work, I am grateful for Freya Stark's "Winter in Arabia" (E. P. Dutton, $5). It may be set beside "Arabia Deserta" on that shelf of midnight books which provide at least temporary escape from the current season in hell. Miss Stark's prose has the folded contours and subdued colors of the desert itself. And through her pages moves a continuous procession of Arab men and women and especially children, brought to life by her unsentimental sympathy, humor, and understanding.

THE NEXT BOOK on the illogical pile is "The Martha Washington Cook Book," which is not only a good cooking book but a good reading book. It was prepared from the original manuscript given by Frances Parke Custis to Martha Washington and only recently released for publication by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is beautifully presented on water-resistant paper, bound in washable cloth, and profusely illustrated (Coward-McCann, $3). Everyone knows by this time that our ancestors ate enormous meals, but their menus are still astounding. "A dinner suitable for the month of February in the year 1792" has only two courses, but the first course called for seventeen dishes, exclusive of sauces, and the second for fifteen—this book will certainly be banned as subversive in a Europe rationed to the slogan "Let 'em eat Destiny!" Amateur cooks with kitchenettes will not attempt any February dinners, but the recipes for separate dishes, which have been modernized, look negotiable and very appetizing. And the spirit of the original has been so well preserved in the editing and the illustrations that I am sure one could not "souse veal" without capturing something of the flavor of the kitchen at Mount Vernon.

SPEAKING OF AMERICANA, a friend who is concerned with the continuance of the Federal Writers' Project has just sent me a complete catalogue—it runs to thirty-one pages—of the books the project has generated. It is a rich list. The remark of Lewis Mumford that "these guidebooks are the finest contribution to American patriotism that has been made in a long time" is quoted on the first page, and I think the statement is just. It is also relevant to the times. As my correspondent says, patriotism is currently being presented as "something extra, the hat on the hat, and some of us don't feel comfortable about it. Yet patriotism we know, too, is real, as the country is real, and the tradition. We have the tradition, and knowledge of it will accordingly inform a real patriotism." There is great danger that the defense program will encourage the promoters of a vague and dangerous nationalism; one safeguard against such a monstrous growth is actual and accurate knowledge of our past. Even a D. A. R., for instance, would have to admit, on the basis of this knowledge, that the patriotism that rises from the rich brew of the melting-pot can be called Americanism only because the term itself, in its true meaning, is international in scope. It is a meaning that must be made manifest, and there could be no better textbooks than the American Guide Series.

My space is running out; so I must leave to next week some remarks on current issues of the quarterly magazines.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Saint, Science, and Fascism

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Moray Firth. The Viking Press. $2.50.

SIMPLE and direct in point of technique, on its ideological side "Embezzled Heaven" is an exceedingly ambitious novel. Franz Werfel is not the type of writer who is content to let his re-creation of experience speak for itself. He belongs to that prominent tradition in German letters which has always insisted on pressing all literary forms into the service of

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philosophical thought. Hence to this story, essentially a kind of Franciscan fable, of the life and death of the cook and serving-woman Teta Linek in pre-Nazi Austria, there is conjoined a thorough criticism of the general state of mind of the modern world—an idealistic dialectic that declares mankind to be doomed unless it recovers its faith in eternity and salvation. Moreover, unlike some thinkers and creative writers, such as Waldo Frank in this country, who have attacked rationalism and decried the scientific outlook, Werfel proceeds to the logical conclusion that, in order to survive, faith must needs seek the shelter and authority of a religious institution. And this institution, as Teta Linek's saintly example clearly indicates, is none other than the Church of Rome.

According to this author, it is the religious nihilism of modern man and his revolt against metaphysics that have brought about the reign of fascism:

> I say that this is the absolute primal cause of all our misery. There are still fools who imagine that typhoid fever can be cured with aspirin because it lowers the patient's temperature. Socialism is a kind of aspirin. We have, however, to deal with a pestilence of the soul. . . . The heaven of which we have been defrauded is the great deficit of our age. Because of it our accounts cannot be balanced, either in the realm of politics or in that of economics. . . . One day, when we are sated with the achievements of applied science, sport, and materialism, the longing for this flame, the longing for a new metaphysical consciousness, will be the latest emotion of an audacious *avant-garde*.

Never mind the analogy between socialism and aspirin, but something should be said about this vaunted "new metaphysical consciousness." In literature at least it is somewhat late in the day to herald the rise of an *avant-garde* devoted to metaphysical expression. For nearly a century and a half now, beginning with the romantic medievalism provoked by the early bourgeois movements, the metaphysical consciousness has not been in want of able and eloquent spokesmen among the intellectuals; and despite their transparent bias such spokesmen have not hesitated to impute every setback or calamity that has befallen the modern world to the progress of science and to the spread of positivist views. As was to be expected, these people have of late set themselves to interpret in the same dubious fashion the victories of Hitler. Their business is to catch souls, and come peace or come war, come socialism or come fascism, they labor at it with might and main. It is worth noting, though, that the present historical moment, what with the eclipse of the revolutionary ideal by the universal onset of reaction, is particularly favorable to religious propaganda.

However, what we are dealing with here is a work of fiction rather than a tract. The most pertinent question one might ask, therefore, is whether the specific experience it represents tends to bear out its author's stated beliefs. In this respect the novel, it seems to me, is not at all successful. It is schematic in the same sense as are the "party-line" novels produced by Communist writers, though in this case it is Catholicism instead of communism that dictates the "line," distorting the portrayal of human actions, motives, and character. Teta Linek, whose "element of greatness" lies in her deep faith and in her inflexible resolve to gain a secure place in heaven, is not objectively created but argumentatively constructed as

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an example of spiritual health. A hard-working and single-minded woman, thinking of nothing but death, she is victimized by a clerical charlatan whom she has supported for thirty years under the delusion that he is an honest priest who will act as her advocate and mediator with the heavenly powers. When her error is revealed, she goes on a pilgrimage to Rome, where she meets another priest, this time a good man and true, who saves her from despair and sets her on the right path. Overwhelmed by happiness and now old and worn, she receives the Pope's blessing and dies in the odor of sanctity.

The ambiguity of this story is that, if it were not for the author's continual personal intervention in the narrative with interpretative remarks and appeals, Teta might actually impress us as an example of spiritual disease rather than of spiritual health. The narrowness and poverty of her life force her to transcend this world—only "metaphysically" to be sure—by transferring her hopes to the next. But this kind of idealism is no force for righteousness here and now. Unable to envision the rewards of victory, insensible to the reality of our earthly existence, it fights no battles and wins no wars.

In many ways Teta reminds one of Félicité, the heroine of Flaubert's story "A Simple Heart." Equally plain and pious, the French serving-woman is presented for what she is worth, with abounding sympathy yet always objectively. Flaubert tells us everything about her without issuing any instructions as to how to understand her; and the result is that the emotion her life communicates is deeper and purer —more "religious" if you will—than that evoked by Teta's spiritual adventurism. And this difference in emotional power is precisely the difference between a disinterested accounting of experience and a prejudged one.

PHILIP RAHV

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From Gladstone to Churchill

FAME IS THE SPUR. By Howard Spring. Viking Press. $2.75.

IN A novel which provides both a splendid story and a superb panorama of English social history during the past century, Mr. Spring traces the career of a born leader of men, John Hamer Shawcross, who as a boy in the Manchester slums conceived an indomitable urge to be somebody, to master his own fate and sway the lives of those about him. That he rose to political power as a representative of the Labor Party resulted chiefly from the accident of his having been born poor, for though he was essentially sincere in his desire to improve living conditions for the common man, his driving lust for fame and importance impelled him to seize whatever practical advantage the moment offered, to use people, whatever people came to hand, as his stepping-stones. With a superb sense of the dramatic he flourished before his audiences at political rallies a saber which his uncle had snatched up at the "Peterloo massacre" (a workingmen's meeting outside of Manchester in 1819 which had been dispersed by troops). But the saber also held a deep symbolic significance for Shawcross himself, who was more of a sentimentalist than he liked to admit, and in later years, when he was a member of the Cabinet and an honored guest in the homes of peers, he had a lavish inlaid case made for it. Perhaps he never thoroughly realized how far he, too, had changed, how many ideals he had discarded, since the days when the saber had rested on two nails driven into a dingy wall and he had tended a greengrocer's shop.

Closely interwoven with the life-story of Shawcross is that of two boyhood friends who likewise pursued difficult goals with relentless energy, though with unequal success. Arnold Ryerson, who serves as a foil to Shawcross, burned with an honest passion for humanitarian reform, but, lacking the other's personal charm and clever opportunism, he ended as a labor organizer among the Welsh miners, content to play a small, undistinguished part in the long uphill fight against intrenched privilege and greed. Tom Hannaway, on the other hand, made money his *summum bonum,* and with shrewd, unscrupulous, though never malicious maneuvering lifted himself by his own bootstraps out of the Manchester gutters to become Sir Thomas Hannaway, one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom.

Another noteworthy portrait in an almost inexhaustible gallery of life-size characters is Ann, Shawcross's wife, who, to his intense annoyance and inconvenience, enlisted in the woman's-suffrage movement and underwent all the revilings and martyrdoms that were showered upon the early proponents of that reform. Certainly for stupidity and brutality in combating common-sense innovations, the Middle Ages seldom surpassed the treatment which the twentieth century accorded the suffragettes.

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Mr. Spring employs a fluid time-structure which often gives his story the flavor of an actual biography—scenes of Shawcross's later life are snatched out of their chronological sequence and planted next to some episode of fifty years before, to point up a significant parallel or an ironic commentary on the alchemy of the years. Whether or not the central figure represents any actual leader of the English Labor Party—Ramsay MacDonald, of course, comes first to mind—the author infuses an amazing vitality into the principal historical trends of the last seventy-five years as they affected everyday Englishmen, from the peerage to the workshop. He makes you feel you are actually living through the rise of the labor movement, the campaign for women's rights, the strike of the Welsh coal miners, the growing clash of interests between the haves and the have-nots; and yet he never permits the wealth of historical detail to obscure the exciting, intensely human story of the individuals who played a part in those social upheavals. "Fame Is the Spur" is history alive and breathing, peopled with Mr. Spring's most vivid character creations.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Men and Apes

WHY MEN BEHAVE LIKE APES AND VICE VERSA. By Ernest Albert Hooton. Princeton University Press. $3.

THE depressing influence of the brilliant researches of the German scientists of the nineteenth century was in part the result of the incredibly dull, abstruse style in which their findings were communicated to their fellow-colleagues and to the world. The clear and lively but thoroughly scientific reports of the early English medical men were supplanted by ponderous, lifeless screeds that made scientific reading a heavy chore. American scientists also formerly went in for this pretentious abstruseness in a big way. It is quite understandable, therefore, that when a scientist of attainments has the courage to revolt against the conventional style and to write and speak in such a way as to be at the same time interesting, informative, and understandable, he immediately attracts a wide following among young, alert minds, the owners of which prefer stimulants to soporifics.

Hooton has some original ideas about anthropology. Many of them seem absurd and even dangerous to the reviewer—for example, his conviction that race is still a useful term, that capital punishment is desirable, that the Germans are "merely a mysterious example of ethnic blend which has turned out to be bad," and that "medicine makes for the genetic deterioration of man." The tremendous emphasis which he places upon the association of body structure and personality structure appears even more misguided. But whether his ideas are good or bad—and many are good—Hooton's style is vivacious and his popularity as a teacher easy to understand. Unfortunately he cannot resist an excessive use of puns and wisecracks which carries his style a step beyond lucidity and color. His writing has the challenge of that of the old-time Mencken in its ability to bring into focus usually ignored variables and to surprise the reader with unexpected accents, but it is marred by the interpolated irrelevancies and flippancies. It gives the reader the impression that the author, for all his intensity, does not take himself or his subject seriously.

Apropos of the current situation, Hooton, because of what seems to the reviewer to be a childlike belief in the physical theory of personality and race, has been accused of supporting the German political theories. He puts himself in the clear on this point:

> The frightful balderdash about the Nordic race and Aryanism which has deluged the world from German sources is not merely propaganda mixed up and fed to ignorant laymen. German anthropologists actually seem to believe it and are as obsessed by it as they might be if they had in their own hands evidence collected by themselves to support it, instead of an overwhelming mass of contrary data. This ability to disregard fact and to believe in fiction, if it happens to coincide with their prejudice, is not peculiar to Germans. But the will to believe has a peculiarly nationalistic orientation in this strange folk.

KARL MENNINGER

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IN BRIEF

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: A MODEST MAN. By Edward Mather. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

Well-written and built on a solid foundation of unobtrusive scholarship, this biography of Hawthorne the man makes him really understandable. The fact that the author, in spite of his name, is not a New Englander but an Englishman doubtless makes for his objective approach. There are some unpublished letters and other new material. This is a book which the general reader can enjoy and the student will appreciate.

MARK TWAIN'S TRAVELS WITH MR. BROWN. Collected and Edited with an Introduction by Franklin Walker and G. Ezra Dane. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

"Being Heretofore Uncollected Sketches Written by Mark Twain for the San Francisco *Alta California* in 1866 and 1867, Describing the Adventures of the Author and His Irrepressible Companion in Nicaragua, Hannibal, New York, and Other Spots on Their Way to Europe." So runs the subtitle. It is well to have these sketches collected, for they occupy a place in Mark Twain's history as an author between the recently edited Sandwich Island letters and "The Innocents Abroad." For the most part, however, they are not particularly interesting in themselves. The edition, limited to 1,795 numbered copies, of which 1,750 are for sale, is beautifully designed by W. A. Dwiggins, with a delightful pseudo-Victorian binding.

PRINCE METTERNICH: STATESMAN AND LOVER. By Raoul Auernheimer. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.50.

This is an extremely interesting book, but it has faults of both execution and conception. It is as much a study in politics as a biography of the great Austrian statesman and in consequence tends to be satisfied with a two-dimensional view of its chief character as a man. It also contains inaccuracies apparently deriving from a hasty effort to be picturesque or to make a journalistic point, and other blemishes which appear to be due to the translation. The diplomatic maneuver by which Metternich defeated Napoleon before Waterloo was fought is brilliantly presented as worthy of posterity's praise; but to hold up the godfather of the Holy Alliance to the admiration of modern liberals because he was the pioneer of the juridical as opposed to the national state is to overlook the motives from which Metternich undertook to defeat not only Bonaparte but every constitutional advance over the eighteenth century. There is much the liberal can afford to admire in Metternich, much he cannot help being charmed by, but he must still recognize him for what he was—an enemy.

KATE TRIMINGHAM. By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

A poignant little story of an old-maid music teacher in a New England town; the plot a cross between "Good-bye Mr. Chips" and "The Children's Hour" (Hellman, not Longfellow). A Barrie-like whimsical touch prevents it from becoming either too sentimental or too morbid.

DRAMA

Twelfth Night

PRESUMABLY Shakespeare's contemporaries had no difficulty in knowing just how to take "Twelfth Night" and the other romantic comedies. But it has not always been so. In the next age that indefatigable playgoer Mr. Pepys witnessed a revival of the tale of Viola's misadventures, and he was probably speaking for most of his contemporaries when he called it "one of the weakest plays that ever I saw." Even today it would not be hard to find intelligent people ready to agree with Mr. Pepys, or with Bernard Shaw, who professed himself so unable to find in the whole group of comedies anything except brainless inanity that he was compelled to suppose titles like "As *You* Like It" and subtitles like "What *You* Will" were intended by Shakespeare as disavowals of responsibility. Neither can it be denied that the question of the ultimate artistic intention of these comedies presents a problem in a sense that the great tragedies do not. One may, to be sure, argue endlessly over the proper interpretation to be put upon "Hamlet," but there is at least no doubt that it must be presented as tragedy in the grand style. There is, on the other hand, a real doubt as to what kind of comedy "Twelfth Night" is, a real doubt as to the seriousness of its artistic pretensions and the general nature of its comic intention. Is it, as apparently the Victorians presumed, romantically naive, sentimental, and whimsical to an extent which renders it almost literally brainless? Is it a merely random mixture of somewhat precious poetry and low comedy? Or do the two sets of characters bear some real relation to each other; so that the play as a whole means something more than the mere sum of its poetic and farcical elements?

For all these reasons the new and elaborate production of "Twelfth Night" (St. James Theater) with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans is a bolder undertaking than any of the other recent revivals of Shakespeare. The play is not, as "Hamlet" is, fool-proof—at least to the extent that it cannot fail to be in some degree interesting. Audiences are probably less disposed to take naturally to it, and under the circumstances the first thing to be said is simply that it is, without question, the best production of this or any of the romantic comedies seen here in many a day and that it deserves the success which it is pretty certain to enjoy. Considered simply as an evening's entertainment, it is rich and unflagging; where it falls short of everything one could wish, it falls short because it manages almost too skilfully to avoid facing fundamental questions, because it never even tries to suggest what all the romantic posturing and all the simple fun add up to; because, indeed, it seems to assume that the whole means no more than the individual parts.

Of the performances the best is certainly that of Helen Hayes, and so far as she herself is concerned there is, in truth, very little left to be desired. Her Viola is not only charming and richly inventive; she is also mischievous, and she is dominated by a sense of fun which saves her from the mere cuteness which some performers have made cloying. Miss Hayes is superb in the scene of her first appearance before Olivia, and all through the play she delights one by striking just the right note—as she does, to cite a single example, in the soliloquy leading up to the conclusion that to her the proud Olivia has lost her heart. Here Miss Hayes, instead of being wistful or tender, exclaims, "She loves me!" with an accent of half-delighted and half-incredulous astonishment which makes completely evident the "Well, I'll be damned!" mentally accompanying it and thus keeps the mood of exuberant fun in which the whole part is played. Mr. Evans's Malvolio, considered simply as a comic characterization, is almost as good, even

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though his interpretation of the role debases it almost to that of a mere comic butler and therefore seems to me to be not only false to Shakespeare's conception but incompatible with that interpretation of the play as a whole which I believe to be the best one. June Walker's Maria is delightfully comic, and Margaret Webster's direction, as it was in "Henry IV," is highly competent in purely theatrical ways though almost too ready to put before everything else amusing business and mere liveliness on the stage. She manages to make every moment active and amusing enough so that an audience is never aware that anything more is possible or even desirable, but her solution of the problem of how to hold the play together is largely a theatrical rather than a poetic or imaginative one.

I can only wish that she had read—and pondered—Mark Van Doren's recent "Shakespeare," in which he so illuminatingly and persuasively states the case for the assumption that the whole group of romantic comedies of which "Twelfth Night" is one are alike in that each is a poetic whole integrated by the same problem or at least the same contrast, that the central theme in each is the clash between an aristocracy which is cultivated, self-consciously exquisite, and fundamentally decadent and the representatives of some cruder but more full-blooded or more wilful group. In "The Merchant of Venice" Antonio's first speech announces luxuriously that he knows not why he is so sad; in "Twelfth Night" Orsino demands more of the musical food of love, only to announce a few seconds later that he has now achieved the surfeit he was seeking. But Antonio and Antonio's friends have to reckon with Shylock and something which threatens their world of finicky gentility just as Orsino and his friends have to reckon, not only with Sir Toby, but also—in the person of Malvolio—with a middle class just learning to be ambitious. Out of the balance of sympathies between these two groups the finest music of the plays arises, and yet the fact that in the present production the first scene ("If music be the food of love, play on") is the poorest in the whole play and quite pointless except in so far as it provides a factual exposition, shows how completely the deepest theme of the play has been missed. As here played, "Twelfth Night" is a delightful evening's entertainment. But it could conceivably be better, not merely quantitatively but qualitatively as well.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

Frank Lloyd Wright

TO ANYONE interested in the development of American architecture a large restrospective exhibition of Wright's work must be a major event. In holding such an exhibition the Museum of Modern Art is fulfilling just that kind of valuable function for which it was created; for of the importance of Wright's accomplishment, of the brilliant inventive unconventionality that has always marked his work, there can be no question.

From the near half-century of work shown there emerges the picture of a remarkably consistent personality. The draftsmanship of the preliminary sketches and the basic approach to design are surprisingly alike in the works of 1894 and 1940. Wright himself, in a wall label, assures us that this consistency is the result not of personal idiosyncrasy but of truth to principle; one may question this, but perhaps truth to one's own idiosyncrasies is itself a kind of truth to principle. And that it can lead to magnificent creation is obvious here.

Creative use of materials, and truth in the expression of their qualities; creative structural conceptions; a generally amazing sensitiveness to site; extraordinary imagination, approaching at times the fantastic, in making systematic, unusual, rhythmic plans which are, despite their creator's disclaimer, essentially formal, preordered, and classic; and above all an astonishing plastic sense, an ability to create buildings as free three-dimensional sculpture—these are the qualities which stand out in Wright's work and make it unique in contemporary architecture. To those qualities all else—use, cost, convenience—are secondary. This accounts for the over-dark rooms in some of his earlier "prairie houses," as it does for the brilliant overweaning cantilevers in some of the more recent buildings. It accounts for the fact that much of his strangely complex furniture is more monument than comfort-giver, and that in some of his recent houses the strong horizontals of the stunning solid terrace and balcony railings effectually cut off the view for those in the living-room.

But these qualities make of all his work exciting visual and emotional experiences. Its formal organization is complex yet obvious. Once he has laid hold of an idea, Wright refuses to let it go until he has wrung from it every drop of artistic potentiality. It was so with the long horizontals of the prairie houses. It was so with the gay checkerboards of his ferro-concrete-block California houses, which he has seen fit to slight in this otherwise full exhibition. It was, and is, true of the houses designed on a plan of hexagons and 60-degree lines, which appeared first in the studies for San Marcos in the Desert, later in the over-complex Hanna house, then with ever-growing simplicity and command in several other studies, until in the perfect integration and simplicity of the L. N. Bell house in Los Angeles all the difficulties innate in the scheme are at last surmounted.

Recently Wright has taken up the circle and the cylinder with an equal thoroughness. The Ludd Spivey house at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, is a striking example; perhaps even more poetic is the simpler Ralph Jester house, in laminated plywood, with its circular swimming pool, its circular rooms, its enchanting views between heavy stone columns. The model of this house is one of the high spots of the show.

Yet, more than anything else, the plastic, sculptural quality is preeminent in Wright's work. It is the opposite of T-square and triangle, drawing-board design. In recent work vertical walls and railings increasingly yield to slanting planes exquisitely balanced against each other. This movement reaches its climax in the lovely canted planes and textured walls and terraces of Taliesin in the Desert, with its rough stones as points of interest and its superb aesthetic adjustment, in shapes and colors and materials, to the tinted planes and stony hills of the Arizona desert that surrounds it.

Of the exhibition itself as a display it is charitable to say little. The models are, of course, amazingly beautiful as things-in-themselves. Their strange symbolized foliage, so minutely and beau-

Books for Christmas

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tifully executed, is fascinating—too fascinating!—and often, I fear, to the ordinary observer unintelligible. The arrangement of drawings and photographs in the show seems arbitrary, and there are strange lacunae. The famous Broadacre City model is there to perplex the curious—most of whom mistake its rectangular woods for buildings—and to hide by its sheer loveliness the real vision of the better, decentralized life it is supposed to explain and express. Wright himself designed the entire exhibition at his own request. The result proves him, I am afraid, a tyro at display and strangely lacking, it would appear, in any conception of what ordinary museum-going Americans need in the way of explanation and guidance. Is it because of the incoherence, the lack of chronological or subject pattern, that progress and development are so difficult to trace, and that the purely decorative side seems so overweighted? Nevertheless, even the confusion of the show cannot hide the fact that here is the work of a liberating creative genius who has made over the world's vision of what buildings may be.

TALBOT HAMLIN

RECORDS

THE Y. M. H. A. is offering the Budapest Quartet again—this time in a Mozart-Brahms series, and with even the Mozart works poorly chosen. But at the first concert there was a superb performance of the G minor String Quintet, with the rich tone of the Budapest and Primrose strings further enriched by the wonderfully resonant Y. M. H. A. auditorium, quite the best in New York for chamber music; on December 11 there will be the fine String Quartet K. 464; and on January 8 that neglected masterpiece, the String Quintet K. 614.

Serkin plays best when he plays with someone else: it both stimulates and restrains him. This is true even when the other musician is a violinist as unstimulating to the listener as Busch. Their performances of Beethoven sonatas at a recent New Friends concert were therefore beautiful jobs of ensemble playing; but Busch's temperamental and stylistic limitations kept them from rising to the point of exciting musical revelation and greatness that was achieved in the Schnabel-Huberman performances a few years ago.

Stravinsky's set of "Petrouchka" aside, Columbia's most important orchestral release for November is the fine record of Mozart's Overture to "Don Giovanni" made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic (70365-D, $1). For Schubert's Second Symphony—well played by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony under Barlow, and badly recorded (Set 420, $3.50)—is one of his youthful inconsequential imitations of the external forms of his eighteenth-century predecessors. And Strauss's tone-poem after Nietzche's "Also sprach Zarathustra" (Set 421, $4.50) is one of his most ambitious works, and one of his less successful. It isn't so much the philosophical inadequacy as the poor music, except for occasional beautiful or effective moments. Stock's performance with the Chicago Symphony is excellent and well recorded.

I am no Gilbert and Sullivan fanatic; but even for my pleasure the abridged "Iolanthe" recorded by Joseph Batten with his Columbia Light Opera Company (Set 422, $5) is excessively abridged. The singing is fair; the words are not always clearly distinguishable. Debussy's "Movement" and "Cloches a travers les feuilles"—superlatively done by Gieseking (17218-D, $.75)—are two of his piano pieces that don't mean much to me. And of the three Ricercari by Gabrieli published by Music Press and well recorded by the Stuyvesant Quartet (70366-D, $1) I find only the second enjoyable.

Columbia's reissues of hot jazz classics include a Bessie Smith album (C-31, $2.50) with three of her finest and most famous recordings: "Cold in Hand Blues," in which Louis Armstrong plays a beautifully sensitive and amusing cornet obbligato (35672); "Young Woman's Blues," with equally sensitive phrases by Joe Smith on trumpet (35673); and "Baby Doll," also with Joe Smith (35674). Coupled with these are "You've Been a Good Ole Wagon," in which some of Armstrong's comments are amusing (35672); the previously unissued and less interesting "Cake Walking Babies" (35673); and the previously unissued "Lost Your Head Blues," in which Bessie does some exciting things. But I don't care much about the music she produces in "Empty Bed Blues" on both sides of 35675. "Baby Doll" and "Young Woman's Blues" are also to be had on Commodore's U. H. C. A. 5-6.

Armstrong and Joe Smith are among the famous jazz musicians in the equally famous Fletcher Henderson bands that recorded the performances in album C-30 ($2.50). They begin with the 1925 "Sugar Foot Stomp" (35668), "What-Cha-Call-'Em Blues" (35668), and "Money Blues" (35669); in these the exciting ensemble power of the band is reduced by dim recording; but the second has outstanding solos by Smith and Charlie Green, and the third a good solo by Armstrong. That characteristic ensemble power is more and more clearly revealed on the records of the 1926 "Stampede" (35669), 1927 "Hop Off" (35670, previously unissued), 1932 "New King Porter Stomp" (35671), and 1933 "Can You Take It?" (35671, from second master). There are excellent solos by Smith, Rex Stewart, and Coleman Hawkins in "Stampede"; and one of the finest of all is Tommy Ladnier's at the beginning of the 1927 "Snag It" (36570).

For the rest there are excellent performances by a number of famous groups. Leading them all is the Red Norvo "I Surrender, Dear," with Teddy Wilson at the piano (35688); among the best are the Johnny Dodds-Chicago Footwarmers' "Brush Stomp (35681), the Eddie Condon "Home Cooking" (35680), the Chocolate Dandies' "Goodbye Blues" (36679); good also are the Paul Mares "Reincarnation," with Jess Stacy at the piano (35686), the Ted Lewis "Royal Garden Blues," with Muggsy Spanier, Benny Goodman, and George Brunies (35684), the Sharkey Bonano "I'm Satisfied with My Gal" (35678), the Duke Ellington small-band "Rocky Mountain Blues" (35682), and his large-band "Swing Low" and "Ducky Wucky" (35683).

On recent jazz records I have enjoyed the beautiful solo passages by Shavers and Kyle in the Kirby Orchestra's "Blues Petite" (Okeh 5805), the same group's "Zooming at the Zombie" (Okeh 5761), the tenor sax in the Basie Orchestra's "You Can't Run Around" (Okeh 5673), the piano and trumpet in the first half of this group's "Moten Swing" (Okeh 5732), the piano in the Jelly-Roll Morton Quartet's "Mournful Serenade" (Bluebird 8515), Mildred Bailey's singing of "Blue," but not the orchestra (Columbia 35589), Maxine Sullivan's singing of "Barbara Allen" and "Molly Malone" (Columbia 35710). I haven't much taste for the recent Ellington style; but "Dusk" and "Blue Goose" (Victor 26677) are among the better examples. And Alec Templeton's versions of a Russian bass and an English ballad-singer (Victor 35723) are amusing.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Unity of Common Sense

Dear Sirs: The articles by Freda Kirchwey and H. G. Wells in your November 16 issue encourage me to send you a Declaration which I wrote a year ago, before partisan frenzy began to stain the common mind. I put it in a novel I have been writing; but if you wish to publish it now as part of this letter, it may do additional service toward a peace that must come.

Let me say first that the past year of cruel mortal breakage among men has taught millions of us to understand what Edith Cavel meant when she said, "Patriotism is not enough." Neither is class partisanship enough; neither is anything short of world unity enough. What man needs for his welfare is use of the things of earth; what he owes is care of the things of earth. The time has come for governments to do what they have not yet done in history: be humble for mankind's sake. Governments are now collaborating in world-wide civil war; the world is now united in war; nations are now so deeply united in all things except common sense that any war is in effect a civil war. And it is an outmoded nationalist psychology that makes this civil war seem necessary. War is not necessary; it is merely hard to avoid, and easier to undertake than the labors of peace.

I would like to contribute the following toward unity of common sense:

1. *Our Right of Allegiance.* We—mankind—are confined to the space of the earth, in the presence of each other, for the fulfilment of our mortal life. We have learned that by working together we can improve the conditions under which we live. Therefore we acknowledge our right of allegiance to each other for our common welfare.

2. *Our Need of Allegiance.* One of our methods of promoting our welfare on earth has been by the use of government, an instrument devised and operated by man. The usefulness of any government to the people it governs is measured by its success in maintaining and promoting the welfare of those people. The people of each nation now in existence face the jeopardy of war rising and spreading because of the non-solution of international problems by the several governments.

No government or alliance now in operation has the power, by itself, to solve these problems. So long as there are as many as two governments or alliances claiming sovereignty, problems rising between them cannot be solved by either of them alone. Therefore we acknowledge our need of allegiance for our common welfare.

3. *Our Power to Implement World Government.* All governments that have ever existed or that now exist have been devised, established, developed, and operated by man. The people have ultimately been able to change any government which failed for too long to maintain or promote their welfare. Any improvements in existing government or any formation of new government must be devised, established, and operated by man. In the people now living on earth and in those yet to live on earth lies the aggregate power of mankind to devise, establish, maintain, and improve in use all the government mankind will yet use for his welfare.

THEREFORE: It is just for men to believe, and to assert to each other until they finally adopt and proclaim in compelling unison, this Declaration:

We, the people of every nation on earth, acknowledge our right and our human need of allegiance to each other for our common welfare; we therefore assert that it is our enduring purpose, as it is our undeniable power, to devise, establish, maintain, and improve in use a Sovereign World Government to promote the well-being of mankind on earth.

ROBERT RAYNOLDS

Newtown, Conn., November 20

Fluorescent Lighting

Dear Sirs: An article entitled The Utilities Keep It Dark, by Dan Hargraves, in your issue of November 9 damns the utilities for not pushing fluorescent lighting. I hold no brief for the utility companies, but to my regret I have had some experience with fluorescent lighting.

About a year ago I installed fluorescent lighting in my office, my bathroom, and part of my small shop, spending about $200 for units. I did ask my utility company about it and was told to go easy, that it was not developed but that it was very satisfactory for certain uses. The saving in current was of interest to me, but it was the better lighting distribution that persuaded me.

Today, after about a year's experience, I have thrown out most of the units for the following reasons:

(1) Whenever for any reason the voltage is low the lights will either flicker or go out; (2) for use in the home, the length of time for the light to come on is too long for convenience; (3) the bathroom light does not give enough light per unit of surface; it is not sufficient, for instance, for removing a sliver from a finger or for looking down a throat; (4) the occasional stroboscopic effect. (Mr. Hargraves dismisses this, but try to run a machine when it happens.)

I do not doubt that fluorescent lighting is the coming light, but the effect of your article is to encourage your readers to experiment with an undeveloped product.

B. M.

Taylorsville, N. C., November 18

Class in "Fantasia"

Dear Sirs: Too many critics seem to be underestimating the historical importance of Walt Disney's "Fantasia." As a classroom observer, whose job it is to teach the motion picture as a new art form, may I rap knuckles?

In academic corners we call "The Birth of a Nation" (1915) the technical foundation of the motion picture. Griffith took a two-reeler amusement, considered an interesting accompaniment to a vaudeville show, and transformed it into a narrative art that may be the twentieth-century way of telling a story. The next historical landmark was "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), which explored the labyrinths of psychology with moving images. "The Last Laugh" (1924) explored cinematic technique, making the camera the most important actor on the set. "Potemkin" (1925) experimented in a type of editing called *montage*. "The Jazz Singer" (1927) used sound narratively. "Becky Sharp" (1935), not the first color film, was the first to use color dramatically, although in a secondary sense.

Now comes "Fantasia," which pioneers in the field of sight and sound images. In the main, film music has been an incidental accompaniment to a love scene, a dance number, a chase, a catastrophe, a murder. Now sight images and sound images together make

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a new plot, a story that has never been executed before. The possibilities this new form offers are unlimited. Aesthetics is being recast. Color is used without fear. A new world of beauty and entertainment has just been discovered by Walt Christopher Columbus Disney. It is a rare experience to observe him sighting land. I foresee an era when first-rate composers will sit down with first-rate animators to create jointly their original compositions. Fantasound, with its new blending principles, will undoubtedly affect non-animated movies.

Moreover, with the exception of the unfortunate version of the Pastoral Symphony, "Fantasia" will live not merely for its historical importance but as long as there are lovers of Bach and Tschaikovsky and Dukas and Stravinsky and Ponchielli and Moussorgsky and Schubert, and that will be a long time.

Class dismissed.

ROBERT GESSNER

New York, November 19

London Nights

[*The following uncensored letter from England was received by a* Nation *subscriber.*]

My Dear B—: Your letter took about thirteen days to arrive. It is sweet of you to think of us, and to imagine us as typifying England, when I am a South African and D. is an ex-Czech; both of us are really very pleased to be identified with our country at this moment. The newspapers tell us that you Americans are very proud of us, and I should like to think that that was true. But of course we are not brave at all, not we two at least, though there are brave people in London: all the East Enders who suffered so badly in the first raids are brave; the Auxiliary Fire Service people, who have literally performed marvels, are brave, miraculously brave; and all the voluntary services have been wonderful. . . .

We comfort ourselves with the thought that if the casualties continue at their present rate our expectation of life is still forty years, which will bring us to the ripe old ages of seventy-three and sixty-three respectively. Fortunately both of us are lulled asleep quite effectively by anti-aircraft fire and the more distant bombs. When the bombs come near enough to wake us, we just feel thankful that we do wake up before they fall near enough to damage us. During the Spanish war I often wondered how people could manage to stay in a bombed town without suffering agonies of fear, but it isn't a bit like that really. Human beings are adaptable, and the noise of explosions is not so very much worse than the noise of shunting engines that I used to put up with at Westbourne Court.

I am writing this during one of our nightly raids—so far the a. a. fire seems to be keeping them at a fair distance. It is surprising how soon one learns to distinguish individual notes in the multiplicity of sounds. The deep-throated cough of Ambrosius (he is a big 4.7-inch gun quite close), the higher-pitched stutter of Geraldine (a pom-pom), the rather muffled boom of the bursting shells, the felt rather than heard roar of such bombs as do happen to explode near—each has its own meaning. One is disturbed only when bombs are close enough for one to hear their whistle, which often enough is just the whine of the cap of one of our own a. a. shells. We are putting up a fine barrage, and we find quite a lot of shrapnel in the mews every morning. When I have enough I shall try to fit them together into another shell!

One pleasing thought is that during the day, when the Spitfires and Hurricanes get busy, Fritz doesn't seem to be able to do anything worth speaking of.

Thank you so much for asking if there is anything you can do. As yet we are in want of nothing.

L. AND D.

South Kensington, London

"Our Changing Order"

Dear Sirs: In connection with Patricia Strauss's recent article, What Dunkirk Did for England, *Nation* readers may recall the introductory passage of Thorstein Veblen's essay Menial Servants During the Period of the War, as it appears in his "Essays on Our Changing Order":

> Visitors from oversea tell us of a new France and a new Britain, unsparingly cleared for action, war-weary but resolute and untiring; where invidious distinctions of class, sex, wealth, and privilege are giving way before the exigencies of a war that is to be fought to a finish; where all resources of material and man-power are being thrown into a common stock of means for the prosecution of a joint enterprise whose demands overbear all questions of personal gain and immemorial usage.

Its timeliness startled me into rereading Veblen's other war essays, which in turn were pretty startling to my aid-to-Britain point of view.

MARY JANE STEVENSON

Winnetka, Ill., November 16

Mrs. Krey's New Book

Dear Sirs: Will you allow me to enter a little protest about the review of Laura Krey's new novel, "On the Long Tide," which appeared in the November 16 issue of *The Nation?* It reminds me of a picture which used to be admired in Victorian days entitled "Dignity and Impudence." Mrs. Krey's book is substantial in respects other than length and bears evidence of historical and literary conscience. If it had no other merits, its description of the landscape and atmosphere of the Gulf region would make it readable by anyone who is interested in such portrayals. It isn't as good a book as the author's earlier work "And Tell of Time"; but it amounts to more, I think, than one would ever guess who read this review.

ADA L. COMSTOCK

Cambridge, Mass., November 22

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